

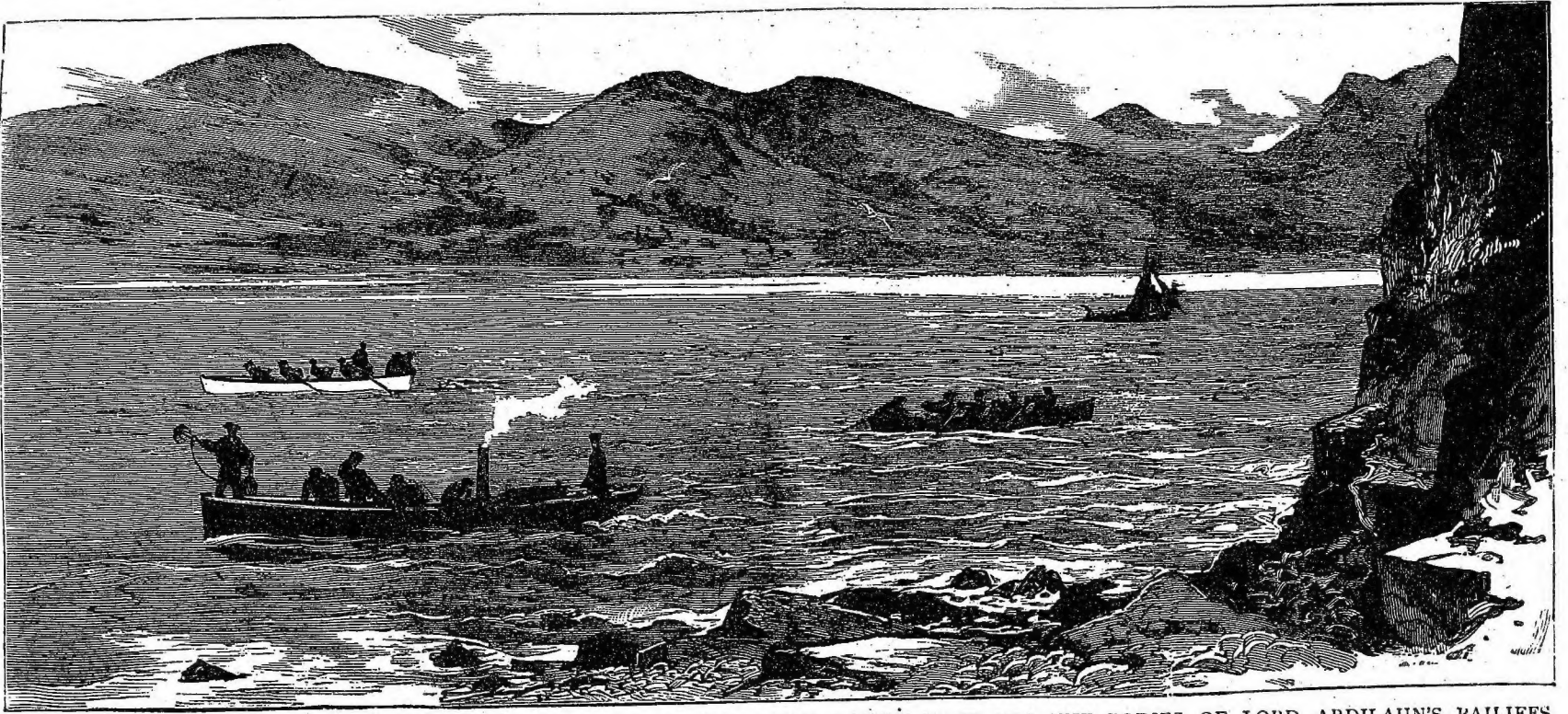
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

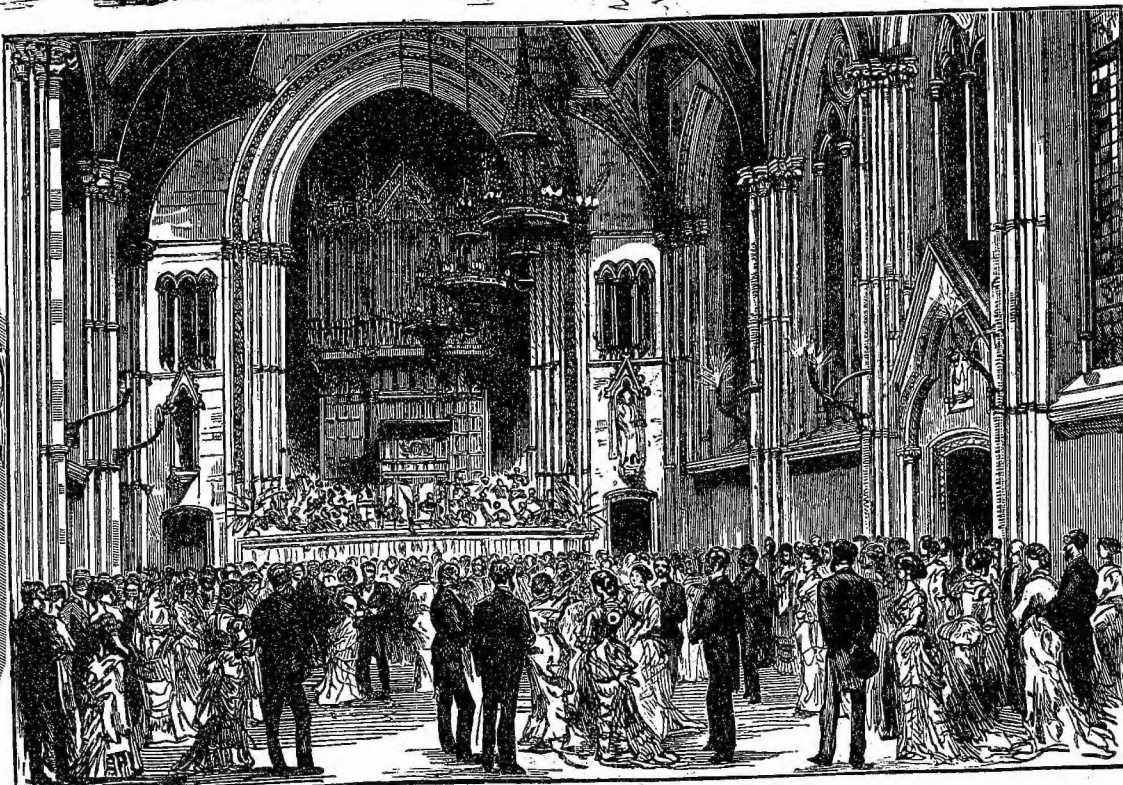
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
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THE CONDITION OF IRELAND—BLUE JACKETS AND POLICE DRAGGING LOUGH MASK FOR THE BODIES OF LORD ARDILAUN'S BAILIFFS



THE CALICO PRINTERS' BALL AT MANCHESTER

Topics of the Week

LOCAL TAXATION.—Mr. W. H. Smith complained in his speech the other evening that nothing was heard of any proposal for the readjustment of local taxation. On the following day, however, Mr. Gladstone showed decisively, in his reply to the deputation which waited upon him to represent the grievances of the landed interest, that the subject has been by no means overlooked. The deputation, he said, had mentioned hardly anything which had not been considered by the Government with a view to legislation. It is certain that the present system is thoroughly unjust. Whether or not some local burdens ought, as the deputation contended, to be borne by the nation as a whole, it cannot at any rate be fair that the classes whose capital is invested in land should be more heavily taxed in proportion to their means than those who derive their income from other sources. It was right in the days of Queen Elizabeth, as Mr. C. S. Read said in speaking for the deputation, to charge the relief of the poor chiefly on the landed interest, for personal property was then "almost infinitesimal." Now, personal property is "enormous," and even before the many recent deficient harvests the value of land increased at a much less rapid rate than that of any other kind of property. Hardly anybody disputes that a case has been made out for the reconsideration of the whole subject; but it cannot be satisfactorily settled until a far larger question, that of local administration, has been disposed of. It would be almost ridiculous to speak of the existing methods of local administration as a "system." Mr. Goschen stated lately that a small estate of his is situated in two counties, four parishes, three highway districts, and five ecclesiastical divisions; and Mr. Rathbone mentions a farm of 200 acres in Gloucestershire which is in twelve parishes, and subject to about fifty rates. These are only extreme instances of prevailing anarchy; and as long as this anarchy exists it is impossible that there should be anything but confusion in the incidence of local taxation. The Government seem to be determined to grapple with the difficulty in earnest, and it may be hoped that the House of Commons and the country will take deeper interest in solid work of this kind than in the barren party disputes in which so much energy has lately been wasted.

THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.—Those of us who desire to see the period of suspense and uncertainty which has now lasted so long brought to an end by the conclusion of fairly equitable tariff-arrangements between the two countries have reason to repent the fall of M. Gambetta. However distasteful his conduct might be towards his own countrymen, his views leant more decidedly in the direction of Free Trade than those of any of his predecessors in the Premiership. In the present Cabinet, on the other hand, in spite of M. Léon Say's efforts towards accommodation, there exists a strongly-accentuated Protectionist element in the person of M. Tirard, and the utmost we can probably expect is that M. de Freycinet will allow the concessions made by the Gambetta Cabinet to remain unaltered. But we do not yet know that those concessions are sufficient to satisfy the demands of our own Government, who have declared that they will not set their hands to a treaty of a retrograde character, and if the concessions are deemed insufficient, the chances are that the negotiations may be broken off altogether. As we have already urged, it is far better to have no treaty at all than to have one which fetters our own trade for the sake of pleasing the French. To a nation like ours, whose tariffs are supposed to be based on strict Free Trade theories, commercial treaties are anachronisms. If other countries choose to try and shut out our produce by prohibitory duties, the injury is theirs rather than ours, and we do ourselves wrong if we dislocate our national Custom House regulations in order to cajole them into swallowing a small taste of that which we believe to be the elixir of commercial energy, namely, Free Trade.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—In his speech at Chelsea Sir Charles Dilke alluded to the revelations which had been made in the recent Austrian Red Book as to the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone's Government, and he conveyed the impression that in the opinion of Continental critics these revelations had been altogether favourable to England. In reality, almost every important journal in Germany and Austria commented upon them as evidence of the recklessness and selfishness of this country. For the sake of Montenegro and Greece, it was said, Mr. Gladstone had created complications which might easily have resulted in a European war; and it was contended that this disaster had been prevented only by the firmness of Prince Bismarck and Baron Haymerle. Far from thinking with Sir Charles Dilke that Greece owed the settlement of her claims to Mr. Gladstone, these journals maintained that but for the intervention of the German Chancellor she would not have received an acre of new territory. Notwithstanding his statements on these subjects, the tone of Sir Charles Dilke's speech was more satisfactory than that of any Liberal leader who has dealt with foreign affairs since the general election. While entirely free from bluster, it indicated a high sense of responsibility, and the Tories themselves could

not speak with more determination of the necessity of maintaining English influence. His exposition of the situation in Egypt was clear and temperate in its references both to the past and to the present. He did not pretend that the system of foreign control is ideally the best, and he showed that when it was established he argued in favour of a wholly different solution. At the same time he was able to prove that it had made the Egyptians prosperous, and that, if vigorously and prudently maintained, it may prepare the way for independent and enduring national institutions. Many Englishmen had already formed that opinion, and they will be confirmed in their conclusions by Sir Charles Dilke's statesmanlike review of the facts.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES IN CHILI AND PERU.—It is asserted that Mr. Blaine's views and aspirations on this subject meet with little sympathy among his own countrymen, and we sincerely hope that this is the case, for they are views and aspirations which if indulged in might ultimately embroil the two great English-speaking nations in war. Meantime it is almost laughable to contemplate Mr. Blaine's picture of John Bull immersed in South American politics, because it differs so entirely from what we have hitherto supposed to be the reality. Considering that it was a conflict between nations with European blood in their veins, and whose several territories occupy a large portion of the earth's surface, the war between Peru and Bolivia on the one side and Chili on the other was regarded by Englishmen with an apathy which was almost discreditable considering the unbounded curiosity which they are capable of developing about some vulgar murder. Merchants who had trading relations with those regions were, of course, interested, and naval men watched the sea-fight (a rare incident nowadays) with a lively regard, but among the public generally "the war in South America," as it was vaguely styled, was viewed with about the same degree of languid interest as the recent troubles between the Government of the Cape Colony and the Basutos. The sympathy of the few who took the trouble to study the subject leant towards the Chilians, first because the evidence seemed to show that their enemies were the aggressors, and, secondly, because they conducted the struggle with rare skill and courage. But we all hoped that this unnatural conflict might soon come to an end, and that the burden laid on the defeated party would not be immoderate. So much and no more than this was, according to our humble belief, the extent of England's interference. But we were altogether mistaken. Let us put on Mr. Blaine's patent refracting spectacles. What do we see now? Why, England, "who is always bold, energetic, and vigilant in spreading her commercial power," backing up Chili at every step, while "Peru felt the heavy hand of England upon her at every turn." "The victory of Chili throws the whole Peruvian business into English hands, in a field legitimately belonging to the United States." It is easy to see that if only a moderate proportion of Americans can be persuaded to believe these romantic assertions of Mr. Blaine, it will not increase their affection towards a country which they are at no time disposed to regard with excessive friendliness.

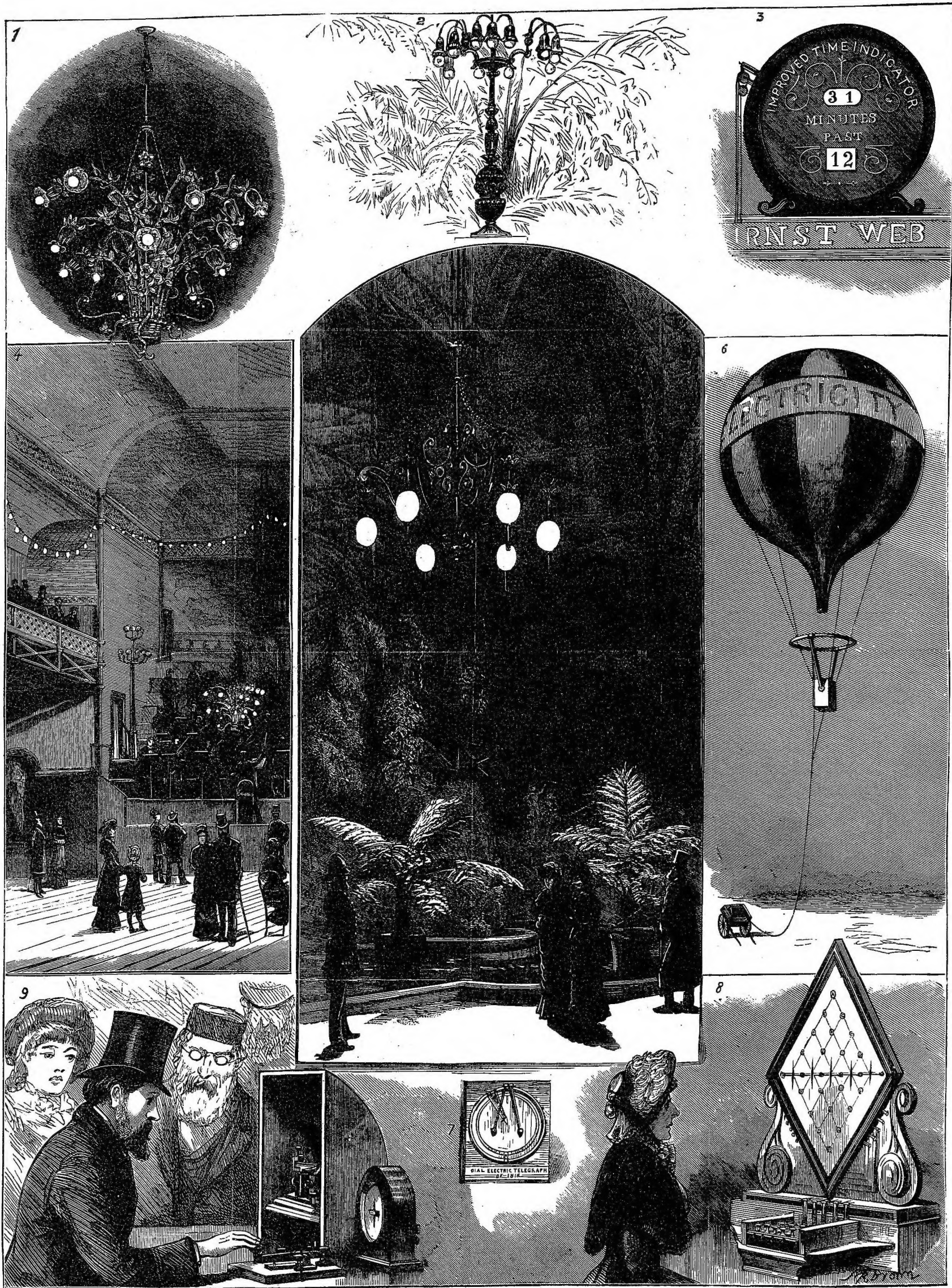
M. GAMBETTA'S FALL.—There is still considerable difference of opinion as to the causes which induced M. Gambetta to persist in the course that led to his resignation. According to some authorities, he acted from sheer obstinacy. He had made up his mind, we are told, to be an autocrat, and refused to consider seriously the possibility of being defeated. This may be the true theory, but it scarcely accords with the temper which made M. Gambetta for some years the most cautious and compliant of Opportunists. It seems more probable that he saw, soon after assuming office, that the Chamber was not so willing to support him as he had hoped. If that was so, he may have thought that he was in danger of being played out, like previous Ministers, and that it would be best to compel the majority to declare at once their real intentions. It would naturally seem to him that in the event of his being victorious he would have no further difficulty in carrying out his general policy, while he would at least, if defeated, be able to say that he had not had a fair chance, of showing what he could do for his country. Whether or not this be the true account of the matter, M. Gambetta must be considerably disappointed by the manner in which his fall is regarded by Frenchmen. There is no evidence that it is deeply regretted by any considerable section of the community. M. de Freycinet has acceded to power as quietly as if his predecessor had been a politician of ordinary rank, and there are signs that the nation is rather pleased than otherwise to find itself under rulers to whom nobody attributes much originality. France had evidently become suspicious of M. Gambetta. He may have had no wish to become a dictator, but there was an uneasy feeling that he had been spoiled by flattery, and that he allowed himself to be too readily swayed by selfish and ambitious counsellors. It is exceedingly improbable that his prospects have been ruined; he is far too able a man, and has played too great a part in recent history, not to recover the authority which he has temporarily lost. But by what means he will attempt to render himself essential, no one can tell; and perhaps he may not be able for some time to form a definite plan. Those who admire his distinguished qualities can only hope that, if he has really thought of establishing a personal system of government, he will take to heart the lessons which have been thrust upon him by the bitter disappointments of the last few weeks.

RECENT RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—Till lately, the metropolitan railway system, in spite of the enormous amount of traffic, was worked with a commendable freedom from serious disaster. Within the last year or so, however, the spell of safety seems to have been broken, and several bad accidents have happened, which might have caused more destruction of life were it not that, within the London radius, the speed of trains is necessarily comparatively slow. The accident at Hornsey on Wednesday week was proximately caused by a dense fog which fell suddenly like a curtain, but it was really due to human carelessness. The officials at the station had nobody at hand to lay down fog-signals, and as, owing to the fog, the driver of the second train could not decipher the ordinary signals, he took for granted that they were in his favour, and thereupon dashed into a train standing at the station. It is to be feared that on these crowded London lines the block system is somewhat of a delusion. If it were rigidly enforced, the day's traffic could never be squeezed into the twenty-four hours. The real remedy, as we have urged over and over again, is the construction of new lines specially devoted to goods traffic. The accident at Old Ford, last Saturday evening, seems at first sight to belong more to the category of accidents which are beyond human control. The drawbar of one of the trucks of an empty coal-train broke, and caught in a sleeper, thus detaching several of the trucks, and throwing them on to the up-line. The driver of the coal-train, not knowing that he had lost part of his load, went quietly on, with the result that presently a passenger-train was wrecked among the *débris*. In this case some person was to blame for passing a drawbar which it has since been shown was manifestly defective, but the most efficient safeguard is the multiplication of lines, so as to keep abreast of the perpetually-expanding traffic. Then the block-system might be administered with a rigour to which no exception should be made.

TROUBLE IN HERZEGOVINA.—Europe has good reason to be disturbed by the reports which are published regarding the rebellion in Herzegovina. The name of that province is indissolubly associated with the revival of the Eastern Question, and it is plain from the preparations which are being made by the Austrian Government that the present troubles are believed in Vienna to be of a very serious nature. There is little doubt that the majority of the population are deeply discontented. The Mahomedans have been deprived of their ancient privileges, and naturally wish for the restoration of Turkish supremacy. On the other hand, the Christians, who had cherished hopes of indefinite advancement, have found to their disgust that a civilised Government confers on them no exceptional advantages. In addition to these general causes, the introduction of the laws relating to military service has aroused a feeling of bitter hostility. The Austrian Government contend that this measure was merely "the expression of political and civil equality," but the people of Herzegovina, while not unwilling to be placed on an equality with the rest of the Empire in regard to rights, object decidedly to an equality of duties. As the province has not been formally incorporated with the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, it is possible that some enthusiasts for the principle of nationalities will plead for the concession of autonomy to the Herzegovinians. Austria, however, manifests no inclination to consider this suggestion; she is evidently resolved to put down the rising promptly and vigorously. For this resolution she can hardly be blamed even by Mr. Gladstone, who does not hesitate to maintain the union of Ireland with Great Britain, although the Irish denounce him as a tyrant for not letting them manage what they call their own affairs in their own way. None of the conditions of self-government exist in Herzegovina; and to show the slightest hesitancy in dealing with the rebels (whose real strength is not yet known) would be to foster an agitation which might soon make South-Eastern Europe once more a centre of the most dangerous complications.

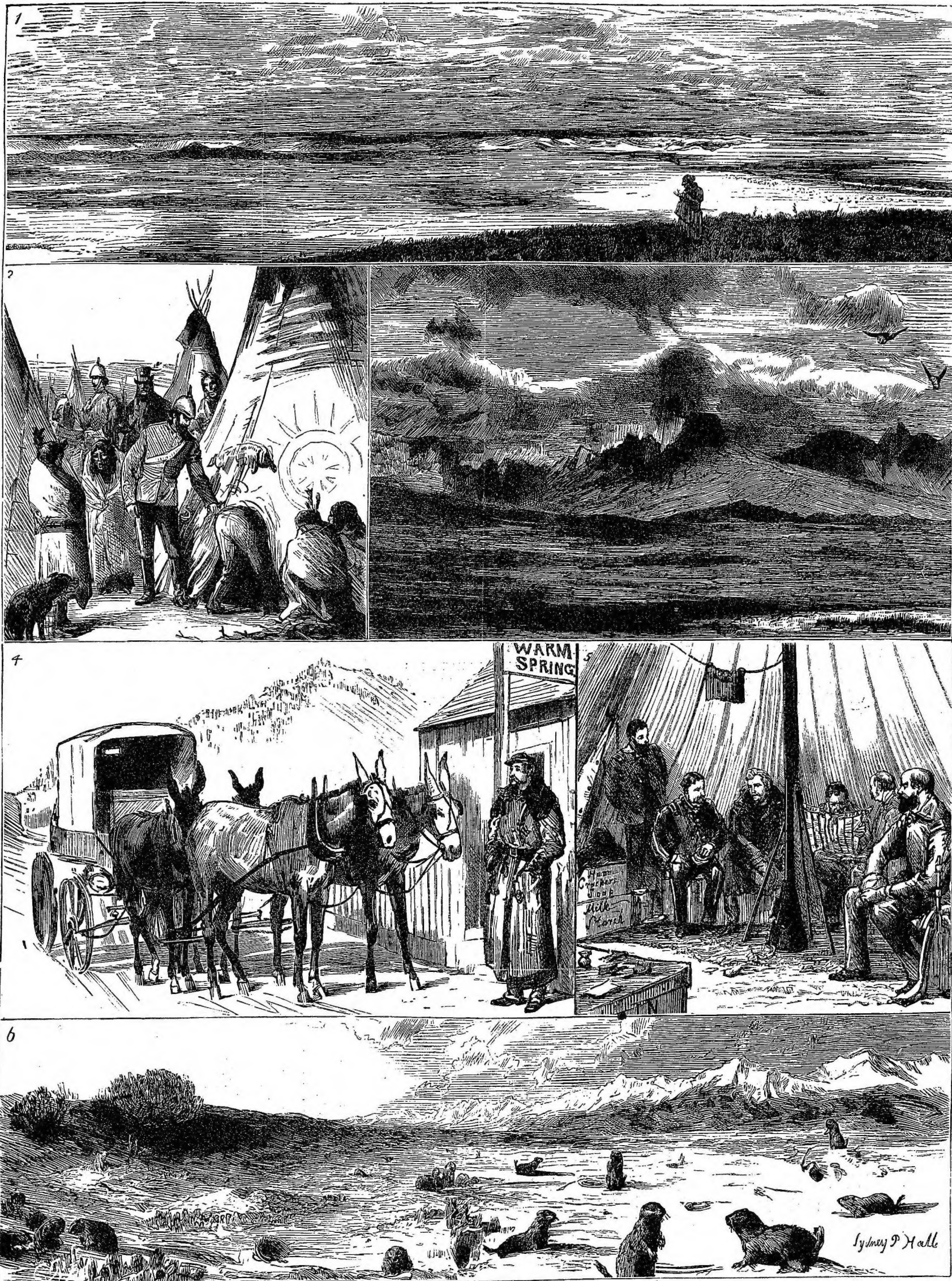
CURATES.—To sneer at the curates for forming themselves into an Alliance is a very easy matter. It is also a very easy matter to tell them that their position is exceptionally fortunate—that they have no grievances worth speaking of, and that they are not going the right way to work to remedy those grievances under which they may be really labouring. There is a column written in this airy optimistic style in Wednesday's *Times*, and the perusal of it will not modify the sense of hopeless bitterness experienced by hundreds, we may almost say by thousands of men, who, after the costly education requisite for taking Orders, and after years of service in the Church, see no reasonable prospect for their declining years but privation and distress. Many Church livings are scarcely worth the acceptance of a man who has no private income to eke out the innumerable demands on his purse which such a position implies, but meagre as is much of the Church's preferment, it is notorious that there is not enough of it to satisfy all applicants. Some men must perforce remain to the end of their days without preferment, just as some women must remain without husbands. If the curatic period were merely a brief apprenticeship, through which every clergyman passed rapidly, men might be excused for not attempting to improve it, but when it becomes the condition in which many of them pass the bulk of their working lives, they naturally wish to make the curate's career more tolerable. We will touch here only on one suggestion made by the Curates'

As will be seen from his portrait, is a cross between a bull and fox terrier. He was bred by the late Captain Hennell, of the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, and given to his present owner, Elton



1. The Chandelier in the Concert Room.—2. Chandelier (Brush System) in the Tropical Section.—3. The Time o' Day.—4. The Concert Room, The Edison Company's Exhibit.—5. The Siemens Chandelier Over the Fountain.—6. The Balloon for Photographing.—7. The First Telegraph Instrument, 1816.—8. The Five-Needle Instrument.—9. The Single Current Sounder.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION



1. Rolling Prairie : An Attempt by Dr. Macgregor to Describe the Infinite.—2. A Visit to the Blackfeet Lodges, Fort McLeod.—3. "Chiet" Mountain, on the Boundary Line Between British and American Territory.—4. Our American Mule Team Ambulance and Lieutenant Rowe, U.S. 3rd Infantry Regiment, in Charge of the Escort.—5. Across the Line : Colonel J. Ford Kent, U.S. 3rd Infantry Regiment, C.O. Fort Shaw, Receives Lord Lorne in a Sibley Tent at the Indian Reserve.—6. A Republic of Prairie Dogs.

IN THE GREAT NORTH-WEST WITH THE MARQUIS OF LORNE; XIX.—CROSSING THE BOUNDARY LINE
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

Burroughs, Esq., 3rd Sindh Horse, at the commencement of the Afghan campaign in 1878.

During the retreat from Maiwand he was captured by some of Sirdar Ayoub Khan's soldiery, and retained a prisoner instead of being destroyed, as most of the other dogs were by the Ghazis.

According to the testimony of some of our men who were taken prisoners, "Jack" was given up to Lieutenant MacLaine, R.H.A., till General Roberts captured Ayoub's camp at the battle of Kandahar, on the 1st of September, 1880, when "Jack" was found close to the body of his fellow-prisoner whom Ayoub's soldiers had so brutally murdered.

"Jack" is a great favourite in the regiment; he has a very great antipathy to jackals; and in consequence of the many he has killed single-handed, his body is rather scarred, besides having lost all his front teeth.

Our portraits of these interesting animals are from photographs—"Railway Jack," by Reeves, Lewes; and "Regimental Jack," by Woodcroft and Co., Kurrachee.

THE BRITISH-FABRIC BALL AT SHIPLEY

THE annual *conversazione* in connection with the Salt Schools took place on the 19th ult. in the Institute at Shipley. The programme included a grand ball in the Victoria Hall and the Reading Room, at which all the ladies were attired in dresses of British manufacture, that of the worsted trade being, of course, the principal product adopted. The company numbered nearly 700. The Earl and Countess of Bective, with their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Titus Salt, were present, Lady Bective, like the rest of the ladies, being attired in a beautiful dress of home manufacture. All the rooms of the Institute were lighted by electricity, and in one of the apartments a large number of samples of English and foreign wools, white and coloured, were exhibited, some being placed under microscopes to show the differences in texture. There were also on view a number of paintings, landscapes, fruit and figure subjects, the work of Mr. Renard, Master of the Institute Art School, to whom we are indebted for the sketch from which our engraving is taken.

BAMBERG AND THE VALLEY OF THE MAIN

See page 111

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE NORTH

THE Duke of Edinburgh, who, as Admiral Superintendent of the Coastguard, is making a tour of our Northern ports, visited Inverness on the 19th inst. He was welcomed at the station by an enormous crowd, and at once drove to Kessock Ferry to inspect the coast-guard, subsequently going on board the training-ship *Brilliant*, where the Naval Reserve men were paraded before him. He then met the Provost and magistrates at Murtown Bridge, and a procession being formed, he returned to the town. In the evening the Duke opened the new Town Hall, which, as the Provost stated in his address, occupies the site of the old residence of the lords of Lovat. The freedom of the city was then presented to the Duke, the Provost placing on His Royal Highness's third finger a massive gold ring in token of his having been wedded to the Burgh of Inverness. The new Town Hall is a Gothic building, and has cost, with furnishing, between 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.*, of which sum 5,000*l.* was contributed by the late Mr. Grant O'Bright. Consequently, the central window has been dedicated to his memory.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. D. Whyte.

After visiting Wick and Thurso the Duke went on to the Orkney Islands, and touched at the capital, Kirkwall. Since 1863, when the Duke, then Prince Alfred, and a lieutenant on board H.M.S. *Racoon*, no Royal personage has visited the island. Thus as soon as it was known that the Duke's visit would be public great excitement prevailed through the town, which was gaily beflagged and decorated for the occasion. Kirkwall is a Royal burgh, and the principal street, nearly a mile long, is filled with picturesque old houses. The principal building is the Cathedral of St. Magnus, a fine old structure in the mixed Gothic and Saxon style, founded in 1138, and the choir of which has been used from time immemorial as a parish church. The plaiting of straw forms the chief industry, and agricultural produce and dried fish are the principal exports. The Duke arrived on Monday week, and landed from the *Lively*, in a steam pinnace, being received by Provost Reid and the town magnates, and escorted to the County Buildings. There, the Provost presented him with the freedom of the burgh, alluding in his address to the fact that the lineage of the Royal Family could be traced to the Sea Kings, more than a thousand years since. Moreover, he continued, "one of the most accomplished genealogists succeeded in proving to his own entire satisfaction that all the Sovereigns of Europe—with one solitary exception—that of the Sultan of Turkey—were more or less connected with the same notable progenitors."—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. John B. Russell, King Street, Kirkwall. The view of the arrival of the Duke was taken as he alighted from the carriage and walked up the avenue to the County Buildings.

From the Orkneys the Duke of Edinburgh went to Shetland, as we described last week, and then visited the Hebrides, landing at Stornoway. He arrived on Thursday evening, when the town was brilliantly illuminated, and on landing at once drove to Lewis Castle, the residence of Lady Matheson, which was a blaze of light. Next morning the Duke was presented at Stornoway with an address by Mr. William Mackay, the senior magistrate, and subsequently reviewed the men of the Naval Reserve at Mossend. The men numbered 1,157, many of whom had travelled thirty or forty miles to be present at the review. At the close the Duke gave orders that the men undergoing drill should have a holiday until Monday, and expressed his satisfaction at the manner in which they had acquitted themselves. The Duke then returned to the Castle, when, as a heavy gale was blowing from the south-west, the *Lively* postponed her departure for Greenock until the following morning.

Stornoway is the headquarters of the herring fisheries on the West Coast, and so rapidly has the business of curing developed of late that it may now be said to be the principal herring-curing port in the United Kingdom, and the busy scene which the town and harbour presents when the season is at its height is one that is not soon forgotten. It may be mentioned that the greatest proportion of the cured herrings are shipped.

In conclusion we would call the attention of our readers to the sad calamity which has overtaken a large number of these poor fishermen in the shape of the loss of over a hundred of their boats, with lines and other appliances, in the great storm which raged over the island in November last. A committee has been formed by some of the leading residents of Stornoway, and they have issued a public appeal for help. Subscriptions on behalf of the sufferers will be gladly received by the Secretary of the Stornoway Fisherman's Relief Fund, Stornoway.

KIRBY HALL

See page 122.

"MARION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 109.

LIFE IN SOUTHERN INDIA

"GOING TO A JUNGLE PICNIC" represents some of the members of a picnic party taking a short cut down a dry nullah, or water-course. When the rains are over, most of the small streams in the hills dry up, except in pools here and there. It is sometimes easier

to scramble down one of these nullahs, in spite of the enormous sheets and boulders of granite, than to push through the thick undergrowth of an uncut forest, where rattan thorns catch your head, and roots and creepers of every kind trip up your unwary feet as you try to crawl under the one or step over the other.

As might be imagined, conversation at these times is apt to become somewhat jerky and disjointed. "Take care, there is a deep pool of water here," says one voice. "Oh, what lovely ferns!" cries another delightedly; "do let's get some." "Are you going to jump?—give me your hand. Ah!—gently." "Oh!—hold on, and take care, or you'll fall." "What a slippery place," complains one. "Look at that purple creeper," says another. "A stone, a stone!" cries some one loudly; and everybody scrambles out of the way, as a large piece of stone, started by one of the ponies, comes bounding down the steep rocks, and rolls down into the jungle below. "Bā-bā" (come, come), says the horsekeeper soothingly (not to the celebrated black sheep), but to the sturdy little Pegu pony, who is of opinion that walking down a granite precipice is neither pleasant nor comfortable.

"Oh, do stop a minute!" complains a voice in the distance. "I've torn my coat, and burst my boots, and lost my puggary; besides being pricked in the eye with one of those dreadful 'eaters' (dwarf bamboo). And now I—ah! oh dear! oh dear!" "So swamy!" murmur the coolies, as they trudge down the hill with the tiffin boxes and baskets, wondering to themselves what demon possesses the Sahibs, that they are obliged periodically to go and eat their food in the jungle instead of in comfortable houses.

And so they all go their ways to some cool, shady spot in the forest, where they will meet their friends, and remain for the rest of the day, returning home in the evening when the heat is over.

To those who are not afraid of roughing it a little, a jungle picnic in India is as pleasant a way of spending the day as we can imagine.

"An Evening's Canoeing in Southern India."—When the monsoon, or rainy season, sets in in Travancore, each little brook and stream is filled to running over, and the larger rivers, those important enough to be marked on the map, overflow their banks, covering the paddy fields and adjacent low-lying lands with a sheet of water. This is the best time for boating of all kinds.

The native canoe is formed of a single tree-trunk, which is hollowed out into a long trough-shaped boat, ornamental pieces are added at each end, either sharp-pointed, or curled, and often much covered with brass work. These give it somewhat the appearance of a Venetian gondola. It is generally manned by three people—two to paddle, and one to steer, or two to push with a long bamboo.

When in shallow water, or when the current is very strong, as it often is when the freshets first come down in the river, the natives are very fond of racing in these "snake-boats" as they call them, and once a year have a grand festival, held a few miles south of Allepie, where boat-racing is the principal feature. The speed at which they make the canoes fly through the water is wonderful, but it is an art of itself to use the long narrow paddle properly.

We have a very vivid recollection of once going out on the river, when, our canoes being well matched, and a most exciting race going on, one of the gentlemen in our boat, snatching the paddle from the man next to him (who certainly was not as energetic as he might have been) set to work with such good will that in about two minutes he had covered himself with glory and the rest of us with water from head to foot. We certainly won the race, but had we all jumped into the river together we could not have been wetter.

Such little *contretemps*, however, are more than compensated for by the pleasure of coming home in the cool of the evening, sometimes by moonlight. The current carries us down without any effort on our part, the breeze comes fresh and pleasant off the water, and some of the party sing as we float back to the rough little landing-place, where we say "Good night!" and start on our respective ways home.

SKATING SKETCHES

As yet the winter votaries of the sleigh and skate have had little opportunity offered them for their favourite sport, though stories of snow and frost in Scotland, and a biting east wind which is blowing at the time of our writing, may possibly be the forerunner of a late frost. Hitherto, however, they have had to content themselves with reminiscences of last winter such as our artist has given us in his sketches. Farther south in Europe, curiously enough, the weather has been much more severe. Thus in Tunis we hear of French soldiers suffering terrible hardships from the snow, and of camels literally dying by hundreds, while at Vienna there has been a sufficiently hard frost to enable the promoters of the International Skating Match to hold their festival, at which an American, Mr. C. C. Curtis, took the highest prize—a gold medal and 40*l.* in gold.

ART CARICATURE IN GERMANY

See page 118.

JOHN LINNELL

ON the 26th January passed away a painter who has been truly called the Patriarch of English artists, who was a link between the modern and the ancient schools, and who maintained his popularity to the very last, notwithstanding that he was in his nineteenth year. Mr. John Linnell, one of the ablest of our landscape and portrait painters, was born in London in 1792. Like many celebrated artists he early showed signs of his vocation, and attracted the attention of Sir Benjamin West, on whose recommendation he entered the Royal Academy Schools in 1805, subsequently becoming the pupil of John Varley, the "father" of the existing school of water-colour painters. Two years later two of his landscapes were hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. He principally, however, occupied himself in portrait painting, though exhibiting many landscapes, and in 1809 we hear of him living with Mulready in Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road. For many years his portraits, "drawn," as a writer in the *Athenaeum* truly remarks, "with the firmness of an engraver, modelled with a sculptor's knowledge of form, and painted with the intelligence of an artist trained by Mulready," procured him his chief renown, and it was not until 1835 that he exhibited the first of the so-called "subject landscapes," which have since rendered his name so famous,—the theme being Christ's appearance to the two disciples journeying to Emmaus. Of his many subsequent productions it is almost needless to speak, so well are they known to every visitor to the annual exhibition at Burlington House. We may, however, note the fact that his last picture, exhibited last year, was entitled "The Woodcutter," and that after having put down his name for election as an A.R.A. for a score of years, he declined ultimately to enter the ranks of the Academicians, but continued to send his works to the Royal Academy as an ordinary exhibitor. For the past thirty years he has lived in his charming house at Redhill, and here, once more to quote the *Athenaeum*, he "delighted to work as he worked in youth; to converse about religious subjects, about Art and artists whom he had known in early years, and especially about Blake, to whom he had been a never-failing friend and companion, showing him the warmest devotion and affection."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street.

MAJOR WILLIAM COURTNEY HARRISON,

Who died at Venice on the 12th inst., the day after his arrival from India, was the eldest son of W. H. Harrison, Esq., late of the Bombay Civil Service. He received his military education at Sandhurst, entered the Army in 1866, and served with the 4th King's Own in the Abyssinian Campaign in 1868, for which he was

awarded the medal. Subsequently he joined the Bombay Staff Corps, and was eleven years employed on the Scinde frontier, and in Afghanistan as Adjutant of Jacob's Rifles, and was engaged with that corps in the Maiwand disaster, his escape from which was miraculous. Major Harrison, who was a very popular officer, will be much regretted by his numberless friends as well as by his young wife, *née* Burnes-Murdock, to whom he was married just before leaving Bombay, while he was very ill, and who is left a widow after being only twenty-nine days a bride.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Ritter and Molkenteller, Bombay and Poona.

THE NEW MEMBER FOR THE NORTH RIDING

THE Hon. Guy Cuthbert Dawnay, of Bookham Grove, Leatherhead, Surrey, who has just been elected in the Conservative interest in the place of the late Viscount Helmsley, is the third surviving son of William Henry, seventh Viscount Downe, in the Peerage of Ireland, and brother of the present peer, and also of the Hon. Lewis Payn Dawnay, the member for Thirsk. His mother was Mary Isabel, fourth daughter of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Richard Bagot, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and granddaughter of the first Lord Bagot. Mr. Dawnay was born on the 26th of July, 1848, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford. He now enters Parliament for the first time, being the fifty-third new member who will have taken his seat in St. Stephen's since the last general election. His return makes no alteration in the political condition of the House, the late member having been also a Conservative. The contest excited more interest throughout the country than any others which have taken place since the last general election; and the result was undoubtedly a surprise for the Liberals, who felt certain of winning by a large majority, and who now console themselves with the reflection that after all there has been a "triumph of principle," Mr. Dawnay having been compelled to change front in order to secure the votes of the tenant farmers.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Window and Grove, 63A, Baker Street, W.

THE "GEORGE A. CLARK" TOWN HALL, PAISLEY

THIS magnificent building, which was on Monday last presented to the Town Council as the representatives of the inhabitants, has been erected and furnished at a cost of over 100,000*l.* The gift originated in a bequest of 20,000*l.*, left by the late Mr. George A. Clark, merchant, a native of the town, who died in New Jersey, U.S.A., in 1873, supplemented by donations of a like amount from his four brothers, Messrs. James, John, Stewart, and William Clark. The building, which stands at the corner of Abbey Close and Smithills Street, in the New Town, was designed by Mr. W. H. Lynn, architect, of Belfast, and comprises a large hall capable of seating about 2,000 persons, a smaller hall, a smoking-room, a reading-room for working men, and various other apartments. The inauguration of the building was made the occasion of a public holiday in the town, the streets being gaily decorated and the people turning out in hundreds to witness the trades procession, headed by the Provost and Town Council, which paraded the streets before attending the meeting in the New Town Hall, where the magnificent gift was formally handed over by Mr. John Clark, in the name of his brothers and himself, and the thanks of the town were expressed in a graceful speech by Provost M'Keen.

AN EGYPTIAN LADY AND HER STEED

OUR engraving is from a photograph taken at Cairo by M. P. Sebah, of Cairo, and depicts an Egyptian lady taking her daily outing on that invaluable steed of the East—the donkey. These animals are far different from the humble coster's slave we see in the streets of London, are far stronger, and frequently remarkably fleet of foot. Moreover, many are exceedingly handsome, especially those of a purely white colour, some of which are valued at high prices. The donkey boy is one of the great characters of Egypt, as travellers landing at Suez will doubtless remember. He is not unlike an Eastern edition of an Irish jaunting car driver, possessing a great fund of impertinence and impudence, and no little humour. The street donkeys are frequently named after personages of European renown, and the stranger is frequently asked to take "Gladstone," "Disraeli," "Bismarck," or "Gambetta," according to the donkey boy's notion of his politics or nationality.



THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.—At the Mansion House meeting on Wednesday, presided over by the Lord Mayor, the chief speakers were the Earl of Shaftesbury, Cardinal Manning, the Bishop of London, and Canon Farrar, whilst many letters of sympathy were read, among them being some from the Primate, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Poet Laureate, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Karl Blind, and Mr. Spurgeon. Resolutions were adopted deploring the outrages as an "offence to civilisation," and declaring that the Russian laws relating to Jews tend to degrade them in the eyes of a Christian population, and to expose them to the outbursts of fanatical ignorance. The Lord Mayor was requested to send copies to the Premier and Earl Granville, in the hope that the British Government might find an opportunity to exercise friendly influence with the Russian Government.—The correspondence between the British and Russian Governments respecting the expulsion of Mr. Lewisohn from St. Petersburg was issued on Saturday as a Parliamentary paper.—M. Moritz Ellinger, of New York, has arrived in London as the delegate of the Hebrew Emigrants' Aid Society of America, which proposes to raise a fund of 200,000*l.* to deal systematically with the immigration, and to settle 10,000 Jews on agricultural land.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.—Several meetings have this week been held under the auspices of the Municipal Reform League, and the subject has been alluded to favourably by Sir Charles Lilke and Mr. Firth, and adversely by Mr. W. M. Torrens. Full details of the coming measure have been published by the *Daily Telegraph*, from which it seems that the idea of setting up several municipalities has been abandoned, and the present scheme is for the establishment of one central municipal council of representative members, supplemented by a local council in each of the electoral districts, the Central Council assuming the powers and functions now exercised by the present municipalities and vestries and the Board of Works, and perhaps ultimately those of the School Board also.

OF POLITICAL SPEECHES there has again been quite a flood, in anticipation of the opening of Parliament, which takes place next Tuesday. Amongst the most noticeable are those of the Speaker (Sir H. Brand) and Mr. Whitbread on the proposed means of dealing with Parliamentary obstruction; that of Mr. W. H. Smith, condemning the coercion policy of the Government, expressing sympathy with the Jews in Russia, and dealing with a variety of other matters, including the commercial negotiations with France and the scheme for the reform of London Government; that of Mr. Cowen, who professes to believe that "no people are more easily ruled than the Irish," if the task be undertaken in the right way; and last, not least, Mr. Gladstone's declaration on the subject of local taxation, in reply to the deputation from the Chambers of Agriculture.



MR. WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS, R.S.A., Principal Curator of the National Gallery, has been appointed President of the Royal Scottish Academy in the place of the late Sir Daniel Macnee.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY can boast of 65,536 ancestors, according to a genealogical tree of the House of Prussia which has been compiled for the Berlin Heraldic Exhibition.

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT has been playing at Vienna with her usual success, and despite the recent Ring Theatre disaster and the financial crisis, the theatre was filled to overflowing. "I would not have believed," writes the correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, "the Germans capable of such enthusiasm." Her admirers are nicknamed *Bernardins* in contradistinction to the *Volterrans*, who are supporters of a Teutonic tragedian, Madame Volter.

A CURIOUS PROOF OF THE PREVALENCE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE throughout the globe is afforded by a statement in the "Newspaper and Bank Directory of the World," that out of 34,274 newspapers and periodicals which were published in 1880, no fewer than 16,500 were printed in our own tongue. Nearly half the remainder were in German, a quarter in French, and the greater bulk of the rest in Spanish. Daily papers numbered 4,020, and the gross circulation of the whole periodical press is estimated at 10,592,000,000.

M. EMILE ZOLA is threatened with law proceedings with regard to his new novel "Pot-Bouille," now publishing in the *Gaulois*. In it figures a barrister of that name actually exists at this court, it appears that a barrister of that name actually exists at this court, who very naturally objects to being made the subject of M. Zola's "realistic" pen. Having asked the author to change the name of his personage, and not receiving a satisfactory reply, M. Duverdy has commenced an action to compel him to comply with his not unreasonable request.

PROVINCIAL FINE ART EXHIBITIONS seem to be on the increase. Arrangements are being made at Peterborough for holding an "Exhibition of Industries and Fine Art" from April 17 to April 29; and an Industrial Exhibition is to be opened at Kingston-on-Thames next May, under the patronage of the Duke of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. At Derby, also, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, in presenting the prizes to the students at the Central School of Art, announced that Mr. M. T. Bass, M.P., had announced that he would supplement his recent gift to the town of a museum and a library at a cost of 25,000*l.*, by a sum of 3,000*l.* for the erection of an Art Gallery. The Mayor of Derby also had presented a piece of land for the purpose.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,971 deaths were registered, against 1,737 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 134, at the rate of 26.4 per 1,000, and 118 above the average. There were 24 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 3), 39 from measles (a decrease of 5), 28 from scarlet fever (a fall of 10), 14 from diphtheria 175 from whooping-cough (a rise of 59), 1 from typhus fever (a decline of 4), 17 from enteric fever (a fall of 7), and 23 from diarrhoea (an increase of 10). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs, which have lately steadily declined, rose to 543 from 415, and were 34 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 63 deaths, of which 56 were the result of negligence or accident.

THERE WAS A CURIOUSLY EXCITING STEAMBOAT RACE ON THE UPPER OHIO LAST MONTH. Three men accused of a murder were about to be tried at Catlettsburg, Kentucky. A mob of two thousand persons, however, assembled round the Court House, and as an attempt to lynch the prisoners was feared, the judges and sheriff secretly transferred the prisoners from the gaol to a swift steamer the *Mountain Boy*, and began to sail down the river. The mob immediately boarded a companion steamer, the *Mountain Girl*, and started in pursuit. The race was continued for five miles, and people gathered along the bank, having been notified by telegraph, to watch the proceedings. The sheriff's steamer finally stopped at a landing, and took on board a company of militia, when the lynchers gave up the pursuit.

THE ABOLITION OF THE SENIOR WRANGLERSHIPS AT CAMBRIDGE will naturally entail the extinction of the honour accorded to the junior of the junior Optimes—the presentation of the "wooden spoon." Last Saturday the presentation of the degrees took place in the Senate House, and being the last occasion on which this traditional ceremony was to be performed, it was resolved that the spoon should be something worthy of remembrance. Accordingly, one some four feet long was provided, the bowl measuring a foot each way, and being gorgeously emblazoned on one side with the arms of Clare College, of which the recipient was a member, and the motto *Cave, adsum*. On the reverse was a sunflower, and the legend "Quite Too Utter." It was lowered as usual from the galleries to the recipient, amid loud cheers.

MR. OSCAR WILDE is still creating a considerable sensation in New York. We are now told that he has purchased a pair of ponies, and christened them Lily and Sunflower. The turn-out is described as follows in the *Albany Sunday Press*:—"In colour the team are great contrasts. Not only are they pre-Raphaelite, but they are rhythmical. In short, they are Hellenic in style, beauty, and pose. The phaeton in which Oscar reclined was of the most wonderful pattern. The body itself is in the shape of a V, and is lined with silken cushions of the time of Louis Quatorze. Wilde is dressed as a Cossack from the Steppes of Tartary. His countenance was barbaric in its splendour, and his figure reminded one of some cruel Norseman. It is said that his necktie once belonged to the monk who poisoned Alexander the Great. The *tout ensemble* was charming. An aureole surrounded this pagan equipage, and it was aurelian in its luminous glory." The New York papers also style the title of the address lately delivered by Mr. Wilde "The Apostle in Knee-Breeches on the Utterness of Things."

THE HISTORY OF THE NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL, better known as University College Hospital, so carefully compiled by the Secretary, Mr. Newton Nixon, furnishes an interesting record of energetic efforts for the public good, and of the great progress and valuable work of a well-known institution. Beginning in 1828 as the "University Dispensary," in George Street, Euston Square, under the management of the London University (now called University College) the institution in 1834 was transferred to the newly-built hospital on its present site, the creation of this hospital being due both to the need of hospital accommodation in the neighbourhood and to the necessity of providing a medical school for the students of University College. Since then the hospital has pursued a career of increasing usefulness, the building has been considerably enlarged, and in 1879 was thoroughly restored and altered. Yet the institution still needs enlarging, as the applications for hospital relief augment yearly. Between 1833 and 1880 861,762 patients have been treated, at a cost of about 9*5*. 4*d.* per head; indeed, during the year 1880 alone 26,502 patients were relieved, while over 5,000 students have been trained in the hospital since its foundation. Dependent on voluntary contributions, the hospital has heavy liabilities, and just now in particular needs assistance. How usefully such assistance in the past has been applied may well be read in the pages of Mr. Nixon's "History."

is again conspicuous, is by no means badly acted for a suburban house.

Much surprise and no little excitement appears to have been caused in New York by the issue of a notice suggesting that visitors to the stalls and dress circle of Wallack's Theatre should wear evening dress. The manifesto is said to have been chiefly directed against "Gainsborough" hats; but "swallow-tail coats" for the gentlemen seem also to have been contemplated. One indignant dramatic critic complains that the management "do not observe their own rule. The last time we saw Mr. Wallack at a theatre (says this spokesman of the malcontents) he was not in full dress, although it was a first night, and he occupied a private box. We have seen Manager Moss at Wallack's for a quarter of a century, and he has never worn a dress suit there before until this opening evening. Why should Messrs. Moss and Wallack spoil 'the elegance and beauty of the general effect?' The writer then sketches an "animated discussion" among a group of playgoers on the evening of the opening performance:—"Will Wallack admit a black necktie?" "Is there anything in the rules about overcoats?" "Will my ticket be good if I wear an overcoat?" "Does he mean a small bonnet or no bonnet at all?" "Moss will never pass you with fur on your evening robe." "I wonder whether Wallack will object to this blue monogram on my handkerchief?" "Is there any particular perfume ordered?" "You won't get in without an opera hat." "Must everybody put on patent leather pumps?" "Are silk stockings imperative?" "Is anything said about studs?" "White gloves won't do—Moss says pear-colour distinctly," &c. Practically the notice seems to have had but little effect. There were, we learn, "fewer" Gainsborough hats, but the gentlemen, it appears, wore evening dress, business suits, or overcoats, each according to his fancy, while the ladies appeared "in their usual theatre toilettes and bonnets."

A performance of *Hamlet* will be given this evening at the IMPERIAL Theatre for the benefit of the *employés* of the Sadler's Wells Theatre under the late disastrous management of that house. Mr. W. C. Bannock, an actor hitherto unknown to the London stage, will play the part of the Danish Prince.

Mr. Bouicault's son is about to follow more closely still in his father's footsteps. He has already appeared with some success as an actor, and has now written a play in one act, called *My Little Girl*, adapted from a novel so entitled. The little piece will be produced at the COURT Theatre.

A comedietta, from the pen of Mr. Edward Rose and Miss A. J. Garraway, entitled *The Marble Arch*, was produced at the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre on Thursday evening. The trifle is an adaptation of the *Versucherin* of Von Moser.

Mr. Alfred Bishop, who is, in more than one line of parts, a very original and amusing actor, will next season join Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's company at the HAYMARKET Theatre.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The annual benefit of Mr. G. W. Moore took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and as usual the programme was exceedingly full and attractive. In the afternoon, in addition to the minstrels' own performance, many of the leading members of the London theatres gave their services, comprising Messdames E. Farren, C. Loseby, Sallie Turner, and Messrs. L. Brough, Harry Paulton, J. Fernandez, Edward Terry, J. G. Taylor, and Harry Payne. The performance included the trial scene from "Pickwick." In the evening, with the exception of a Shakespearian recital by Mr. John Ryder, and a recitation by Mr. T. Swinbourne, the programme was mainly confined to the songs and doings of the darlings themselves. Amongst the most amusing songs were "Oh, dem Golden Slippers" and "The Girl With the Archer Hat," and "Heigho! said the Sailor's Wife," while two capital ditties of a more serious nature were "Do Not Speak that Little Word" and "Teresa." A new and original burlesque scene, "The Singing School," closed the evening's entertainment.

ART CRITICISM, MÆDÆVAL AND MODERN.—One great cause of the extraordinary greatness and beauty of all art at the apogee of the Middle Ages was that art belonged to the people, and belonged to them in the widest sense. It was not confined to the Church, nor to this or that body of craftsmen, but extended, a real and living entity and intelligence, through all classes of the nations. The mediæval builders and goldsmiths and wood-carvers knew that their best efforts would be appreciated to the full, not only by their fellow-artists and the *cognoscenti*, but by the mass of the populace as well. The building of a little village church in England, or of a vast cathedral in Germany or France, was watched with eager sympathy and intelligent enthusiasm by almost every man, woman, and child in its locality. Their hearts were in the work. Their abiding faith soared upwards with the steeple, and deepened with every added pinnacle and stone, and their innate sense of the beautiful in nature and in art enabled them unerringly to judge every moulding, every sculptured figure, leaf, and flower. The masons and the carvers and the smiths knew that they were thus watched, and that their work would thus be truly criticised; and it was this knowledge, quite as much as their own honesty and truth, that urged them always to do their very best. Their work, they saw, must be as real and beautiful as they could make it; the people would not have it otherwise. But that spirit of popular criticism is dead and gone. The sense of beauty that once pervaded all classes exists now only in the hearts of the few, and the simplicity of life that killed baseness and sham almost at birth has vanished utterly, together with the thoroughness of our workmen and the spontaneity of our art. Look where we will the crushing common-places of a mechanical age are seen to be, directly or indirectly, burdening people. In building, the dull or the tawdry seems most accepted; in painting, the vulgar and the crude; in smiths' work, electro-plated error, and iron of the most appalling ugliness; in wood-carving—the world knows nothing, cares nothing, about wood-carving; whilst in the theatre melodramatic falsities are the most popular, and in literature the most pernicious and artistically contemptible productions are the most widely read. Is this over-stating the case? We are speaking of the masses, not of the cultured classes of society—who themselves are led more by fashion than by true taste—and we do not feel that we have put it too strongly. We wish we could. There is no popular criticism in art nowadays like that which existed in the Middle Ages and in Greece in its best days; and until there is, until art again belongs to the people, our æstheticism must be merely superficial, a castle in the air.

THE MANIA FOR CARRYING FIRE-ARMS begins early with our Transatlantic cousins. In a recent school in a town of Ohio the children were searched in order to find one dirk. Twenty-six revolvers were discovered and six dirks.

BOOKS FOR SAILORS.—Those of our readers who have old magazines, *Graphics*, or any kind of spare literature, may turn them to excellent use by sending their copies to the Sailors' Bethel, Gravesend, where Mr. J. T. Chapman, the Agent for the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, distributes them amongst the tars of all nations whom he visits in his mission-work. Such light reading is greatly valued by the sailors, and Mr. Chapman tells us that last year his appeal in this journal brought in more than 4 cwt*s.* of *Graphics*, besides other books. "The pictures of home scenes given in *The Graphic*," he writes, "do much towards softening the sailor's heart, and help to break the monotony of a seaman's life. If the donors could have seen the sailors looking at these papers, and have heard their expressions of gratitude, they would have felt well repaid for their trouble in sending the parcels."

ELECTION NEWS.—On Tuesday the Right Hon. C. Raikes (C) and Mr. Simpson (L) were nominated as candidates for the representation of Preston. At Malmesbury the candidates will be Colonel Miles (C) and Mr. R. C. Luce (L).

THE OPIUM QUESTION.—Sir G. Birdwood, in a letter to *The Times*, says that the vital question at the bottom of the whole subject—the chemical composition of opium smoke—is one not for further public discussion, but for scientific experiment. He contends that none of the active principles of opium are volatilisable, *i.e.*, smokeable, and he has arranged to obtain samples of the different kinds of *Chandoo*, as prepared at Bombay, Madras, Canton, and Shanghai, together with the pipes, lamps, &c., in common use, in order that experimental tests may be made in this country; He adds, in reply to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's twitting, that most certainly might Archbishops smoke opium without in the slightest degree sulling the spotless sanctity of their lawn, or even arch-angels, without contamination to their shining essences of ethereal light.

THE CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.—The Council of this Society have rejected by 23 votes to 12 the proposal made by Mr. T. J. Sanderson, that its name should be changed to "Society for the Organisation and Administration of Charitable Relief, and for the Repression of Mendicity."

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—Scarcely had the coroner's jury returned their verdict respecting the disastrous collision at Hornsey, on the Great Northern line, than another accident, resulting in the loss of five lives, occurred on the North London Railway at Bow, caused, it seems, by the snapping of a defective drawbar coupling, the result of which was that the line was blocked by the coal trucks thus left behind, and a passenger train ran into them from the rear. Both driver and guard appear to have been unaware that their train had parted, and even had they known it, it is difficult to say whether they could have done anything to avert the catastrophe. The suggestion that buffer carriages should be placed at each end of all passenger trains is worthy of consideration.

THE WEATHER, hitherto so mild, has now become more wintry. Keen frosts and very heavy snow-storms are reported from Scotland and the south and west of England.

A PNEUMATIC RAILWAY from Aldgate to Shepherd's Bush is amongst the metropolitan projects which will be submitted to Parliament during the Session. It is proposed to tunnel the whole distance at a depth of fifty feet, so as to go beneath the sewers and avoid disturbance of the surface. The line will be six miles and a quarter in length, and will have fifteen stations *en route*.

THE PROPOSED WELSH UNIVERSITY.—Lord Bute has promised 10,000*l.* towards this scheme, on condition that Cardiff is selected as the site. The sum required is 50,000*l.*, of which 18,000*l.* has now been promised.

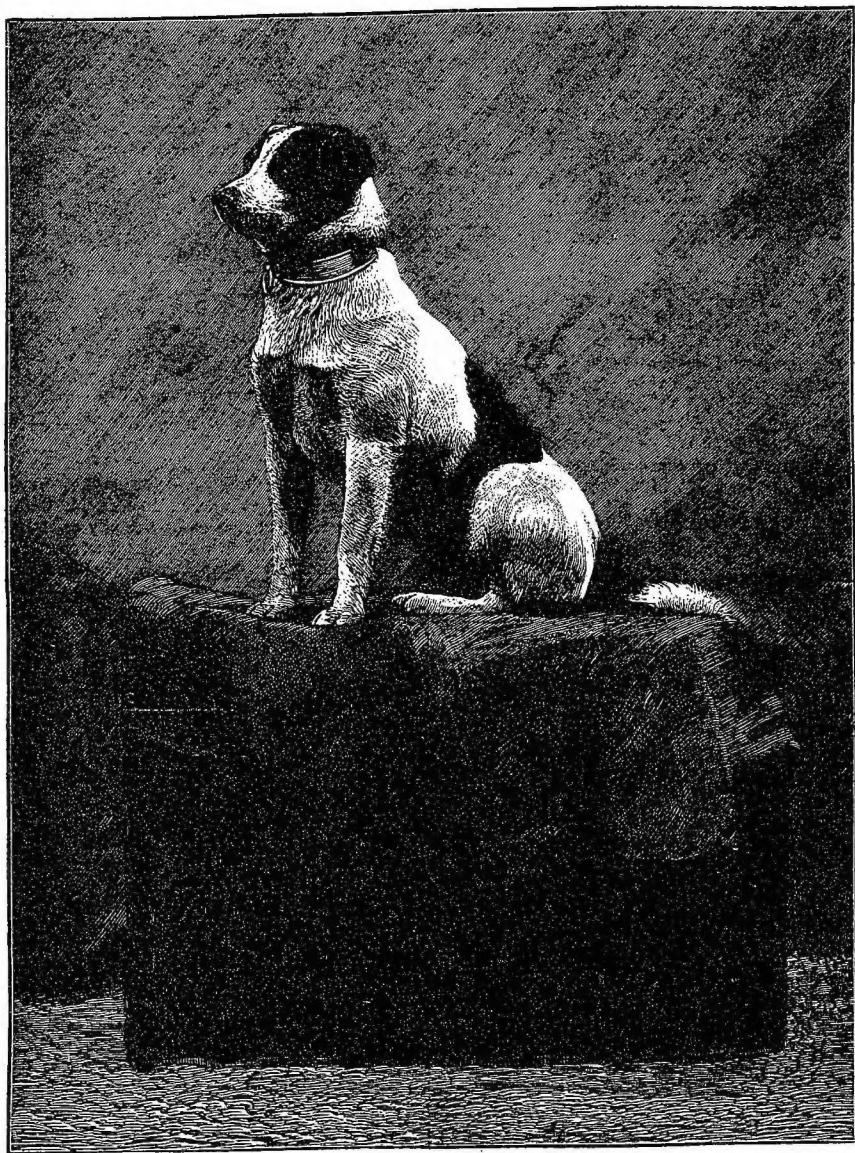
THE INTERNATIONAL WOOLLEN EXHIBITION.—On Tuesday the gold, silver, and bronze medals awarded to the successful exhibitors in the recent Woollen Exhibition at the Crystal Palace were presented to them by the Lord Mayor of London, who spoke of the advantage to be gained from such exhibitions, and, on behalf of the Directors, acknowledged the generous support received from the Governments of foreign countries and of the Colonies.

FIRES AND FIRE PANICS.—The Metropolitan Board of Works, in reply to a letter from the Fire Offices Committee, have adopted a series of recommendations, one of which is that the fire watch in the City should be kept during the day as well as at night. They also ask the Insurance Companies to consider whether some part of the responsibility for the destructive fires which have occasionally happened in the trading quarters of London does not rest with them; and whether they might not, by the exercise of greater caution and prudence in accepting proposals of insurance, diminish the liability to rapid and complete destruction of buildings and their contents. The dramatic critics, at their adjourned meeting on the safety of the public in theatres and other places of amusement, determined to request the metropolitan members of Parliament to support their intended application for a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject; and as this must necessarily involve a long delay, they declare that in the interim there should be prompt application of such powers as are possessed by the Lord Chamberlain, the Board of Works, or any other authority.—More groundless fire-panics are reported this week—two in London, at each of which several persons were more or less injured; and one at the Limerick Theatre.—The woman who raised a false alarm of fire in the gallery of the Princess's Theatre a fortnight ago has been let off with a fine of 40*s.* and a severe caution, her friends undertaking to keep her away from places of amusement for some time.

OBITUARY.—Sir Robert Christison, Bart., the eminent medical expert and toxicologist, died on Friday last week at the ripe age of eighty-five. He was twice President of the Edinburgh Royal College of Physicians, and succeeded Sir D. Brewster as President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. For forty-five years he was Professor of Materia Medica at Edinburgh University, of which he was Lord Rector in 1880. He was for some time Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, who in 1871 conferred a baronetcy upon him.—Mr. Richard Brinsley Knowles, the only surviving son of the dramatist, Sheridan Knowles, died on Saturday, aged sixty. In early life he studied law, and became a barrister of the Middle Temple, but abandoned the profession for literature. His historical acquisitions led to his appointment by the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. as an inspector of family muniments.



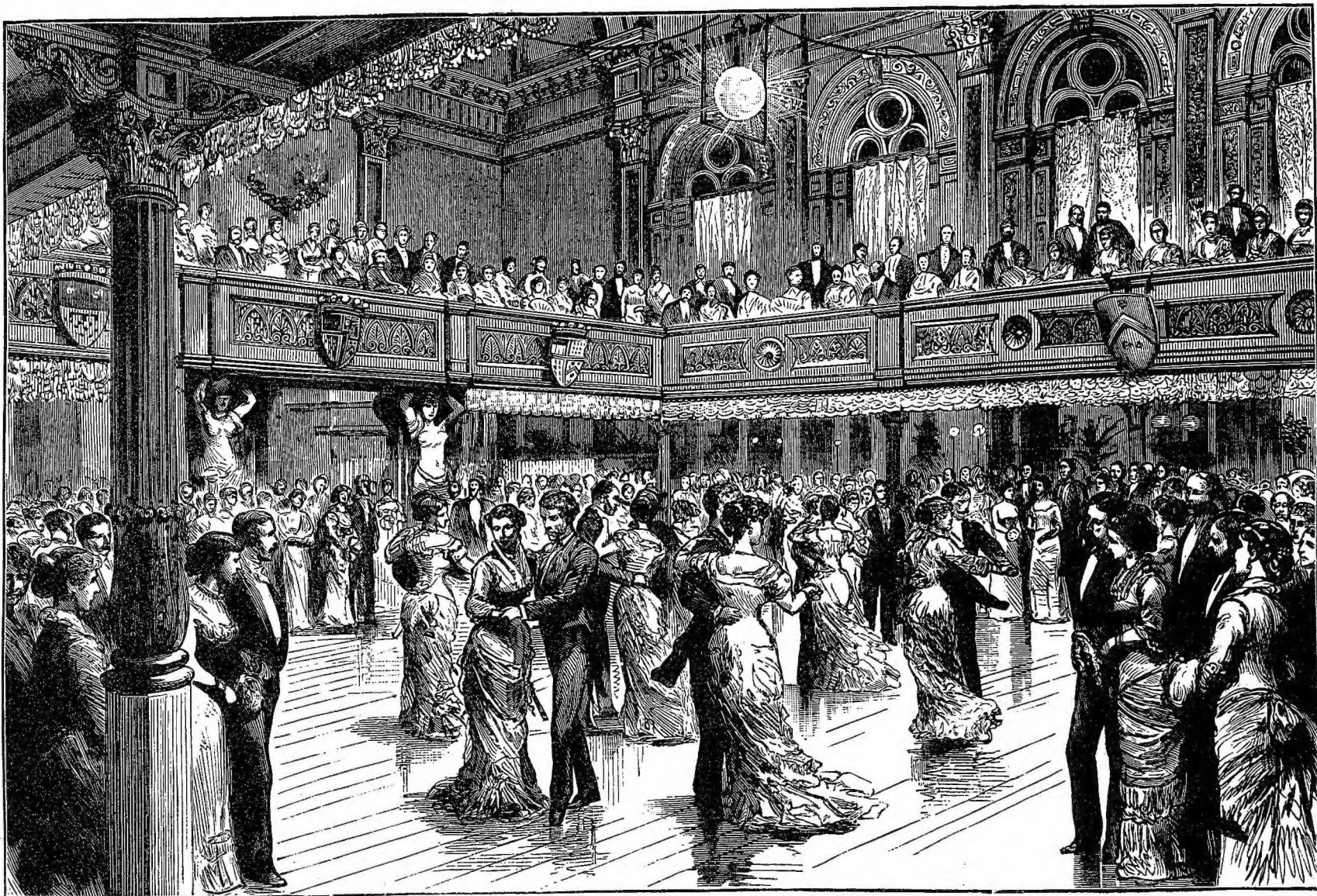
THE PHILHARMONIC Theatre at Islington, which sprang into sudden fame some years ago owing to the success of the pretty comic opera *Gin-wine de Brabant*, has since then declined, and the fortunes of the house have been generally in a depressed condition. It has now passed once more into new hands, and it seems to be intended to make melodrama the chief feature of its bills. Mr. G. L. Gordon, the new manager, does not, however, altogether despise lighter forms of dramatic entertainment, for while a new melodrama entitled *London Pride*, of which he is the author jointly with Mr. Joseph Mackay, occupies the leading place in his programme, this substantial item is followed by the burlesque *Little Amy Robsart*. The elements of the story of the former piece are not very fresh, nor do the authors display any great knowledge of the art of constructing a play with a view to the effective setting forth of its plot; but skill is shown in contrasting characters with the strongly-marked peculiarities, as well as mingling the grave and the gay; and the dialogue generally is natural and sprightly. A clever young actor, Mr. F. Desmond, affords much amusement in his character of a coffee-stall keeper, who unhappily does not always content himself with the sober drinks which he dispenses to his patrons. Miss Marie Linden, in the part of the heroine, supposed to be a young actress at the Hilarity Theatre, is altogether a lively person of the school of Miss E. Farren. Mr. G. L. Gordon also gains some credit by his astute and cool air and manner in the part of an amateur detective. The burlesque, in which Miss Linden



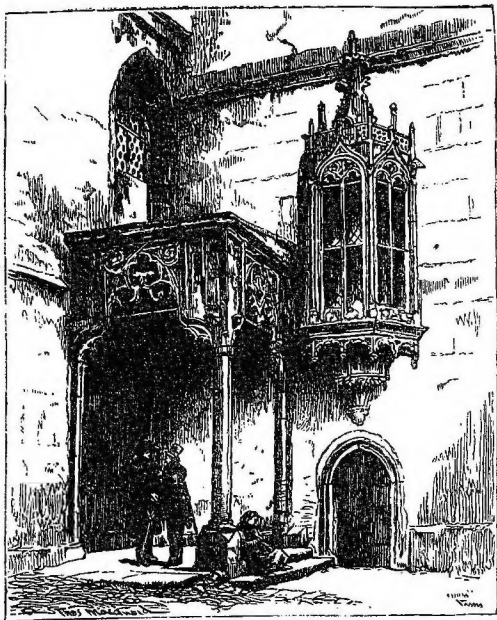
"RAILWAY JACK" (RECENTLY RUN OVER AND WOUNDED AT NORWOOD STATION)

"REGIMENTAL JACK," AN AFGHAN CAMPAIGNER

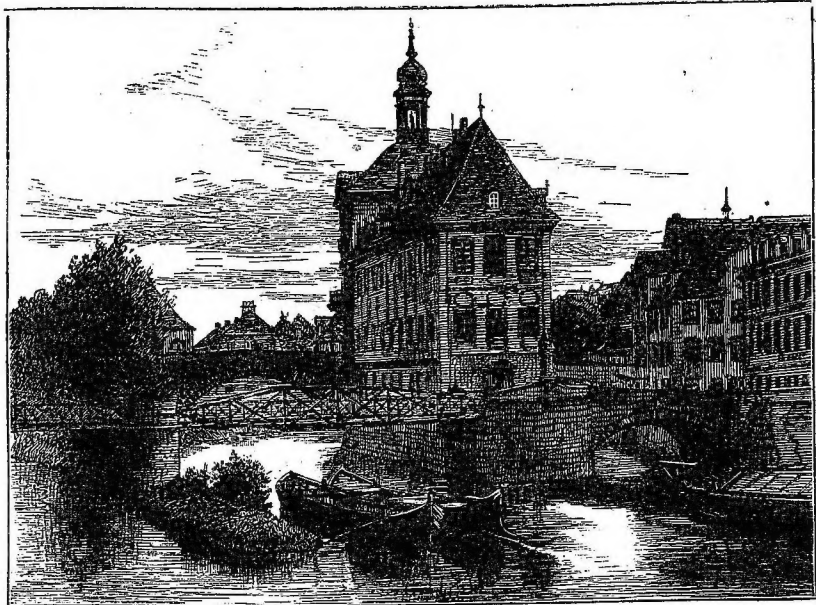
TWO ADVENTUROUS DOGS



THE BRITISH FABRIC BALL AT SHIPLEY



THE CHURCH PORCH, WERTHEIM



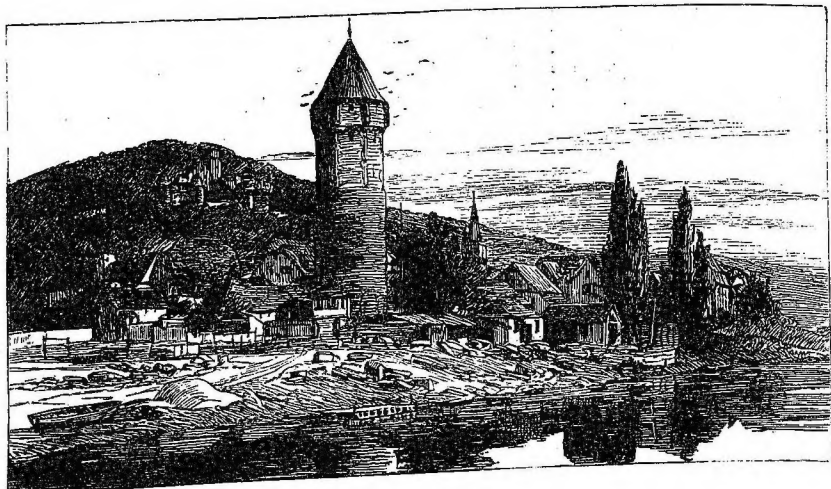
THE RATHHAUS, BAMBERG



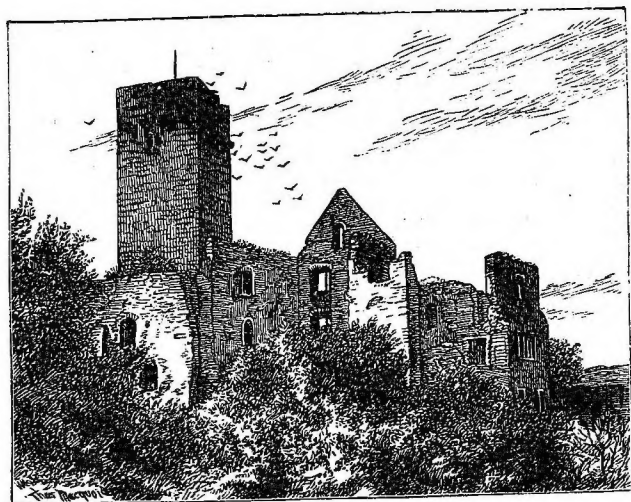
WURZBURG



MILTENBERG



WERTHEIM



THE CASTLE, WERTHEIM

BAMBERG AND THE VALLEY OF THE MAIN



FRANCE.—*Le Grand Ministère a vécu*, and, after only three months' existence, the long-expected Gambetta Cabinet has given place to a Ministry of a very familiar type. Desirous to ascertain the true strength of his majority in the Chamber, M. Gambetta put it at once to a severe test; but not even his influence could induce the Deputies to accept the obnoxious *Scrutin de liste*. Thus, although the late Premier skillfully changed his ground at the last moment, and managed to fall, not on this plea, but on the question of limiting the powers of the proposed Congress, it is nevertheless evident that the electoral subject was the true cause of his defeat. The result of the Revision debate had been pretty clearly foreshadowed by the Committee's report; but the sitting was remarkable for the extraordinary conduct of the Deputies, who first threw out M. Barodet's proposition for unlimited revision of the Constitution, and a short time later accepted an almost identical resolution, thus overthrowing the Cabinet by 55 votes. M. Gambetta and his colleagues immediately resigned, and a Ministry was speedily formed by M. de Freycinet, after some difficulties respecting the entrance of M. Léon Say into the Cabinet. M. Léon Say imposing certain conditions with regard to financial policy. M. de Freycinet resumes the direction of Foreign Affairs, which he resigned, mainly through M. Gambetta, eighteen months ago. M. Ferry assumes his old office of Public Instruction; and M. Say that of Finance. Marine, Public Works, and Commerce are taken by Admiral Jauréguiberry, M. Varroy, and M. Tirard, who have occupied these posts before, the new men in the Cabinet being MM. Goblet, Humbert, Mahy, and General Billot, the Ministers of the Interior, Justice, Agriculture, and War, while the lately revived Ministry of Art is again abolished. Altogether the composition of the new Cabinet has given considerable satisfaction, and the Ministerial programme read by M. de Freycinet in both Houses on Tuesday was fairly well received. It is of very moderate character, speaks earnestly in favour of tranquillity and peace, virtually adopts the chief reforms promised by the late Cabinet—particularly regarding judicial procedure—but pronounces firmly against bringing up the Revision question at present, for which it does not consider the time fully ripe. This latter part of the declaration met with some dissent in the House, but otherwise, except among the Ultra-Radicals, there is a general feeling that such a quiet, easy-going Cabinet as the present is specially welcome after the agitations of the past few months.

Apart from the excitement on the day of the Revision Debate, the crisis has been taken very calmly. Of course, the Conservatives and Ultra-Radicals have sung paeans of joy over M. Gambetta's defeat, which M. Rochefort calls "not only the end of a venture, but the end of an adventurer," but all moderate thinkers acknowledge that M. Gambetta has not materially injured his popularity, but rather deserves respect for his boldness in so clearly defining his position. The *République Française*, the late Premier's own organ, declares that M. Gambetta did not want to take office, but was forced into it, and that the late crisis has shown the country his true character, so that in the case of future office he must be accepted with his own programme, on which *Scrutin de liste* stands foremost. The chief question now is, What position M. Gambetta will assume towards the Ministry? which has really adopted in a modified form the main points of his own programme. Thus there seems a fair chance of successful negotiations respecting the commercial treaties, as one of the last acts of the retiring Government was to prolong the existing treaties to March 7th, providing for a further prolongation to May 15th for Powers who have signed fresh treaties by the former date. M. Léon Say's well-known Free Trade sympathies may be expected to counteract the opinions on this subject of M. Tirard, who, when previously Minister of Commerce, raised so much opposition. M. Say will also reintroduce his predecessor's Budget for 1883, which he has temporarily withdrawn for some slight modifications, while he may be further expected to materially aid the improvement of the French Bourses, which are just now in a most depressed condition. Indeed, finance has fairly divided this week's attention with politics, the much-vaunted Union Générale having stopped payment. This entails enormous loss on a large financial circle, although no very alarming panic was created on the Paris Bourse. As the banks have come to the stockbrokers' assistance, however, and M. Léon Say's appointment has inspired additional confidence, the financial situation, though bad, is not so disastrous as had been at first expected. The crisis will weigh heaviest on those independent brokers who do not belong to the recognised Paris Corporation of sixty members. The latter are bound to assist each other, and though in many cases they may have to sell their profitable business, yet, as the banks have offered them a considerable loan, they will be better able to tide over the situation than their unrecognised brethren, who have less prospect of help. Bourse speculation by private persons, and particularly by women of high position, has so increased of late that the effects of the crash are severely felt among all classes of society.

PARIS has been celebrating the Auber centenary, two grand performances of excerpts from the composer's works having been given at the Grand Opéra and Opéra Comique. The only other excitement has been the drawing of the Algerian lottery, for which five million tickets had been issued. In the provinces a sad disaster has occurred at Calais, where the bursting of a reservoir overwhelmed several houses and killed twelve persons. Another reservoir showing signs of bursting, the contents were drawn off, and the town is at present waterless.

GERMANY is highly delighted at the turn of events in France, and the press has fully profited by the opportunity to vent its spite on its old foe, M. Gambetta. The late French Cabinet was always heartily unpopular in Germany, and Prince Bismarck's feelings towards the late Premier are well known. Teutonic susceptibilities have also been wounded by General Skobeleff's late speech. Indeed, the Germans have been as much occupied with foreign affairs as with home matters, for after Prince Bismarck's outburst of last week—for which, by the by, the Emperor has specially thanked the Chancellor, and thinks of raising him to a higher military grade—the Reichstag subsided into dulness, and was closed on Monday. Notwithstanding the opposition to Prince Bismarck's measures the Session has resulted pretty favourably for the Government, and should the debates of the Prussian Landtag, now sitting, also prove satisfactory, the Reichstag will probably not be re-summed in the spring. Clerical affairs are again uppermost, and the Government hopes to induce the Landtag to vote the necessary salary for the new Prussian Minister to the Vatican, who has already started on his mission. One obstacle to a better agreement with the Pope has been removed by the appointment of Dr. Falk to a judicial post, thus obliging the author of the May Laws to resign his position as Deputy, and so lose an opportunity of combating the coming Government propositions. Germany and Turkey continue to exchange compliments, as the Emperor sends a special mission to invest the Sultan with the Order of the Black Eagle. Royal influence is doing its best to counteract the anti-Jewish feeling, and the Crown Princess specially asked for the performance of Lessing's Jewish piece, *Nathan the Wise*, at the Royal Theatre, instead of the play originally announced, the

Imperial party attending the performance. It has been remarked that the whole Jewish community stayed away from the late charitable subscription ball, at which the Court were present, as a silent protest against their uncourteous treatment by Teutonic society.

AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—There seems little hope of agreement in Egypt, as the Notables are not inclined to agree completely with the terms of the Government, though they have come to an understanding with Cherif Pasha respecting forty-eight of the proposed new rules. They also suggest to the Government that the Budget shall be voted by the Ministry and an equal number of Notables, the Premier having the casting vote. The influence of the military party upon the Government party seems to grow rapidly stronger, and it is thought the Khedive may have to dismiss Cherif Pasha in order to avoid another military revolt. The powers of the International Tribunals have been further prolonged for a year, while the Arabs and Europeans at Tintah, in Lower Egypt, have come to open strife, and the Europeans were for some time obliged to keep to their houses.

AUSTRIA is at length obliged to take extensive measures to quell the rapidly swelling insurrection in DALMATIA and the HERZEGOVINA, and has summoned the Delegations for an extraordinary session to vote the necessary funds. The War Minister asks only for 800,000*l.* to cover the expenses of the next three months, acknowledging that he can hardly calculate his expenses, and that more may be required, so that the Delegations are inclined to give him a larger sum than asked for, feeling that the Government ought in no way to be crippled in so important a matter. The Ministry attribute the insurrection more to the brigandage element than to the military conscription, and point out that in other respects the Herzegovina is in a far better state than when under Turkish rule. Still, there is no doubt that the movement is spreading widely, although as yet the Mussulmans have taken no part, and, considering the inflammatory condition of the neighbouring territories, the rising must be put down speedily. The insurgents and the troops are in constant collision, without apparently any definite result on either side, but happily the communications are not interfered with. Rumours are plentiful of foreign assistance to the insurrection, but the Austrian Foreign Minister strenuously denies the truth of these reports, stating that Austria is on the best possible terms with the Governments of Servia, Montenegro, Turkey, and Russia, although he hints that the Montenegrin people sympathise with the rebels. So indeed do the Servians themselves, while the Slav party in Russia are apparently busy with the same object. General Skobeleff, in a fiery speech at a banquet on the anniversary of the storming of Geok Tepe, plainly expressed this wide-spread sympathy, and further spoke enthusiastically of the present high influence of Russia in Persia and the successful result of the Turkoman conquests. He also lamented the internal condition of Russia, which is as bad as usual, to judge by the forthcoming trials, notably the trial of twenty-two important prisoners on the 21st inst., by the inflammatory declarations in a fresh issue of the notorious *Will of the People*, and by the extraordinary precautions suggested by a Committee of Generals for the Czar's coronation. They propose that the Czar shall drive to Moscow through a continuous line of troops, and that every window looking on the route should be under supervision. The Czar has commuted the death sentence of Sankofsky, General Tcherevin's would-be assassin, to hard labour for life.

Much indignation is still expressed against England for her Jewish championship, and meantime fresh anti-Semitic outrages are reported, a Jewish family of five being murdered in Novo Moskosk, and sixteen families plundered at Krasilofka. Monday was observed as a day of intercession by the Jews throughout the Empire.

INDIA.—The Nepal conspiracy proves to have been very serious, and it is said that, scarcely one important family in the kingdom is free from suspicion. The British Resident has gone to Khatmandu, and punishments are being freely awarded. There is little other news, save that cholera broke out during the great religious fair at Allahabad, and it is feared the pilgrims will spread infection throughout the country. Nor is there much new in AFGHANISTAN, where Abdurrahman continues to execute and arrest many prominent persons, and to confiscate their property. This latter proceeding has effectually stopped financial relations between Cabul and India.

UNITED STATES.—South American affairs absorb public attention, and the publication of Mr. Blaine's Chili-Peru correspondence has aroused bitter feelings towards the late Secretary of State. Accordingly Mr. Blaine has published an energetic defence of his policy, stating that his despatches were approved by President Arthur at the time, and accusing the President of changing his opinions. He claims to have upheld the interests of peace in every case, and that he sought solely to advance American interests, which would be seriously compromised by England in the event of Chilean preponderance. "England's heavy hand" was on Peru, and although he admired British energy he did not wish to see it exercised at the expense of the United States. The American Minister to Peru has asked for leave of absence to return home, and is anxious that a special committee of Congress should investigate South American diplomacy. Meanwhile CHILI has accepted American mediation, and offers peace conditions embracing concessions by Peru of the Tarapaca district and the guano deposits on Lobos Island, with an indemnity of 4,000,000*l.* within sixteen years, Arica to be kept by Chili in the event of non-payment. Chili would facilitate the meetings of an American envoy and some provisional Peruvian Government—except that of Señor Calderon; but if these negotiations fail, Chili will decline all further intervention on the part of the United States.

Returning to the States proper, there has been a violent attack on England in the Philadelphia Congress by a Mr. Robinson, who supported the Fenian cause, and suggested that enough troops should be sent over to deliver the Irish prisoners and lay London in ashes. Mr. Gladstone came in for a good deal of abuse, and the British Government was also soundly rated at a decidedly Communist meeting of New York trade-societies to express sympathy with Ireland. Returning, however, to the House, the Foreign Committee have requested the President to obtain a list of all American citizens imprisoned in Great Britain, and communicate it to Congress.—Guiteau has moved for a new trial, and has appealed to the nation for funds to support his cause. As the case stands at present he will be hanged on June 30th.—A large building serving as newspaper offices in New York has been burnt down with considerable loss of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.—SWITZERLAND is suffering considerably from drought, the lakes and rivers being exceptionally low, while one affluent of the Rhine, the Thöss, is completely dry. The village of Fetta in the Grisons is threatened, owing to the moving of the ancient moraine on which it is built.—IN ITALY the Pope has written to the Bishops of North Italy, requesting them to moderate the language of the Clerical papers; while the beatification of another new saint, Fra Umile de Bisignano, once a Calabrian shepherd, has been celebrated in St. Peter's with great pomp.—IN GREECE King George has opened the Parliament with a satisfactory declaration of the relations with Turkey. He met with an unusually cool reception.—IN RUSSIA, the latest news from the *Jeannette* expedition states that Mr. Melville has started for the mouth of the River Lena to resume the search for Lieutenant De Long and his party. The supply of provisions is plentiful, and, if necessary, the search will be prolonged far into the ensuing summer.

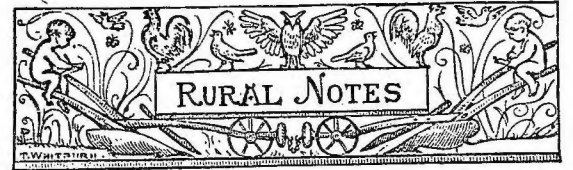


THE Queen and Princess Beatrice still remain in the Isle of Wight. On Saturday Her Majesty drove out, and the Earl and Countess Granville and the Rev. H. White arrived at the Castle. In the evening the ex-Empress Eugénie, Madame de Arcos, the Duc de Bassano, Sir H. Ponsonby, and Captain Bigge dined with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church. The Rev. Canon Protheroe, M.A., and the Rev. H. White, M.A., Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, officiated, the latter preaching the sermon. On Monday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice visited the ex-Empress Eugénie at Osborne Cottage, and the Earl and Countess of Granville left the Castle. Lady and Miss Biddulph dined with the Queen in the evening, while on Tuesday the Queen gave audience to the Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, and entertained Sir H. and Lady Ponsonby, Admiral Ryder, and Captain Carter, commanding the guardship *Hector*, at dinner. Her Majesty holds a Council on Monday, and returns to Windsor on the 16th inst. Her Majesty will hold Drawing Rooms at Buckingham Palace on the 17th inst., and March 1st, at three o'clock, and about March 17th will probably spend three weeks on the Continent. Her Majesty's former head nurse, Mrs. Jane Sly, of Kew Palace, died on Saturday from inflammation of the lungs, in her seventieth year. Mrs. Sly attended as nurse to Her Majesty's four eldest children.

The Prince of Wales returned to town on Saturday from Brantinghamthorpe, where he had been staying with Mr. Sykes, M.P. The Prince planted a tree in commemoration of his visit. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church on Sunday. The Rev. F. Hervey, Rector of Sandringham, officiated. On Tuesday the Prince joined his wife and daughters at Sandringham, and early next week the Royal party will come to London for the season. The Prince of Wales will preside over a public meeting of the International Fisheries Exhibition, 1883, which will be held shortly. The Prince and Princess will be present at the Irish Ballad Concert at the Royal Victoria Hall on the 9th inst., while the Prince will hold Levees at St. James's Palace, on February 23rd and March 9th, at two o'clock. The Prince will preside at the Festival Dinner of the Victoria Hospital for Children, at Willis's Rooms, on March 29th. The Prince and Princess will visit Yarmouth during the last week of May. Princes Albert Victor and George, who have been the guests of Sir James Longden, the Governor of Ceylon, left Colombo last Saturday for Kandy. On Monday there was to be a procession to the elephants' kraal, where about thirty animals were expected to be captured. From Kandy the Princes would then go to Newara Eliya, and take part in an elk hunt. The Mediterranean Squadron will assemble at Athens in April next to meet the young Princes, who are expected there about that time.

The Duke of Edinburgh's arrival at Stornoway last week was somewhat delayed by strong winds, and it was late on Thursday evening when the *Lively*, with the Duke on board, anchored in the harbour. On Sunday the Duke arrived at Greenock, and on Monday left for the Isle of Man, which he reached on Tuesday. An address was presented to the Duke, after which he drove from Douglas to Castletown, where loyal addresses were again presented to him. At Port St. Mary he laid the foundation-stone of a new breakwater, and the pier when completed will be named after him. Returning to Douglas, the Duke crossed the island by train to Peel, and inspected the ancient Castle there, again returning to Douglas, and dined at Government House. In the evening there was a grand ball. The Duke left again on Wednesday, reaching the Mersey in the evening, where he inspected the guardship *Resistance* next day.—The Duke of Connaught has resumed his command of the Third Infantry Brigade at Aldershot.

The return of the Duke of Albany, with the Princess Hélène of Waldeck, has been deferred, owing to the slight illness of the Duke. The Duke of Albany has accepted the office of President of the Local Committee of the British Association.



THE MILD WINTER.—Mr. Aston, a very well-known Cheshire farmer, says, "The weather hitherto has been a great benefit to all agriculturists. Our cows are out all day and come up full, and the grass is not all gone yet, nor have we made much impression on the hay. For several weeks past the weather has been similar to what it was in January, 1869, when grass on all good land was springing nicely through the month, and in February following a little wild clover appeared in blossom." Even in Cumberland primroses, crocuses, and daisies are in full bloom. A friend at Thorncombe, in Somerset, writes, "Wallflowers, mignonette, forget-me-nots, violets, polyanthus, stocks, and snowdrops are now in bloom here."

WEATHER ANOMALIES.—On January 21st, in Cheshire, the barometer standing at 30.60, there was a gentle fall of rain for about forty minutes, when a fine rainbow appeared in the sky. The recent high barometer was accompanied by general gloominess in the air; and meteorologists now tell us that "an anti-cyclone" is by no means entirely to be desired.

LENTILS.—Why are lentils never grown in this country? They flourish on dry unfertile sandy soils, which will bear few other plants, leguminous or otherwise. They used to be grown and to succeed in parts of Lincolnshire, but corn supplanted them. They are most nutritive food, and the straw is finer than that of tares. Three bushels to two acres is a fair seed allowance.

THE CART HORSE SHOW will be held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the 28th February and 1st and 2nd March. The list contains twelve classes, with valuable money prizes for stallions and mares, and two classes for geldings; also three champion cups, of the value of eighty guineas, including one cup given by the Lord Mayor of London.

LANDED ESTATES.—The famous Burwell Park estate of 2,040 acres, near Louth, in Lincolnshire, is for sale.—Swinton Park, in Yorkshire, is also in the market. This estate covers 22,000 acres, and is the largest property which has been offered for sale for a very long time.—The estate of Curriehill has just been sold for 46,100*l.*, which is considered a good price. The area is 362 acres.—The estate of Thurston, in Haddingtonshire, has just been bought by Sir William Miller for 170,000*l.*—The island of Herm, one of the smaller Channel Islands, has been bought by the Carthusians. Seclusion the good monks will certainly find, and we do not imagine the taxes will be high.

THE LAND QUESTION, said Lord Derby, at the Knowsley rent audit, admits of an easy solution. The owners of encumbered

estates wanted more power to sell, and for the rest he advised people with money that they would do well to invest in acres, and trust the soil. From his lordship's answer to some Welsh Radicals it is evident that he is strongly opposed to any legislation in England on Irish lines. Logic has never counted for much in practical politics, and many of those who have been foremost in passing the Irish Land Act are quite prepared to resist any similar legislation for Great Britain.

ENTOMOLOGICAL POLITICS.—Sir William Hart-Dyke, in a political speech the other day, compared certain Liberals to wasps "who kept on stinging their prey even after they had killed it." This has roused Sir William's entomological neighbour, Sir John Lubbock, who took occasion, at Sevenoaks, to state that no well-conducted wasp ever thought of such behaviour, and, therefore, that "Sir William's politics were as bad as his entomology." As the member for Mid-Kent has never kept a tame wasp to our knowledge, while his opponent is a noted authority, we suppose he had better give in.

THE SHROPSHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have chosen the Rev. Garnett Botfield as chairman, and we have seldom known an appointment so heartily received. The Chamber discussed at some length a motion condemning both the amount and the incidence of local taxation. Sir Baldwin Leighton, M.P., spoke on the subject, and the resolution was passed.

SOUTH WILTS FARMERS.—A contemporary "hears of South Wilts farmers giving balls which cost 150*l.* apiece, dinners and dances, keeping thoroughbred hunters—four or five of them, at 150 guineas each, and subscribing 50*l.* a year to keep up the hunt." This is special information—very. Our own correspondents tell us that there is no country more depressed—agriculturally speaking—than is Wiltshire, that farmers are giving up their holdings, and labourers taking wages which they would have abused employers for even suggesting a few years ago.

POACHING hardly appears to be on the decrease. A sporting contemporary publishes fourteen prominent cases as a single week's record, which would make 728 in the course of a year. The number of cases calling for more than local record is naturally but small in proportion to the total number of offences; in fact it may be said of this crime that the metropolis only hears of those offences which have been accompanied by a serious affray.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Salmon disease is spreading in the Tweed.—A chub has been taken in the Thames weighing 4*lb.* 4*oz.*—A gadwall (*Anas strepera*) has recently been shot at Weymouth.—A hen harrier has been trapped in the New Forest.—Eggs were noticed in a lark's nest at West Mersea on the 18th of January.—For the last few days a corn crane has been heard calling near Beaconsfield.



CARL ROSA COMPANY.—Balfé's hitherto (to English audiences) unknown opera, *Pittore e Duca*, was produced on Saturday night, at Her Majesty's Theatre, before a densely crowded audience; and, if repeated applause may be accepted as criterion, with decided success. Having on more than one occasion referred to this work by the popular Irish musician; libretto, from the laboratory of Signor Piave (who furnished Verdi with *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and other dismal tragedies); its production, at Trieste, in 1856; and its withdrawal, after two or three performances, in consequence of some misunderstanding never yet intelligibly explained, little remains on these points. For detailed accounts of the plot our daily contemporaries may be consulted with advantage. Enough that, in our opinion, the alteration made in the original design of Piave (abroad, be it understood) is by no means an improvement, and that the sudden recall of the Duc d'Alva, just in the hope of gratifying his revenge, accompanied by the unexpected summons of the Painter to the Court of Queen Elizabeth, in no way atones for what must have been the *charpentier* of the Italian librettist. We might as well, for sake of the stereotyped "happy ending," illustrated by a vocal display for the *prima donna*, change the *dénouement* of *Ernani*, the *Trovatore*, the *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, or indeed any of Verdi's operas, from the earliest to *Don Carlos*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Louisa Miller*, and *Aida*. What, indeed, would become of all Wagner's operas ("dramas"—we beg pardon), from *Rienzi* to the *Götterdämmerung*, if all were allowed to "end happily?" Nevertheless, Mr. Barrett has taken honestly what came to his hand. His English version, under the name of *Moro, the Painter of Antwerp*, exhibits both literary and dramatic skill, and the book, as we have it, is more than acceptable. True, the duel between the Duke and the Painter—rivals for the affection of the heroine, Olivia Campano—is suddenly arrested; but we doubt if the majority of spectators, where a Balfé opera is in question, would prefer a more exciting climax. With regard to the music it may be said at once that very much of it is in the composer's happiest vein. In the concerted pieces we have that light off-handedness which, with him, as with so many Italian and French composers, answers every purpose, where more studied elaboration might fail to hit the mark; and to this may be added the consoling fact that we are never brought near to the verge of dullness. Moreover, Balfé possessed the secret of writing well for voices and accommodating them to the end he had in view; while his orchestration is as clear and bright as it is consistently unpretentious—the scope and character of the instruments (on several of which, by the way, he was a proficient) being within his knowledge and at easy command. About his talent and fecundity as a writer of songs and ballads there can be no dispute. The faculty of tune was inherent in him; and the day is far distant, whatever the zealous advocates of rhythmical tunelessness may urge, when the striking manifestation of this faculty shall cease to attract the attention and enchant the ears of the un-"advanced" multitude. We cannot speak in detail of the various numbers comprised in the score of *Moro*; but it may be added without further preamble that it contains not a few examples of the fertile tune-invention possessed by a musician who has given to the world so many melodies, from "The Light of Other Days," to the "Rose Song" (*Il Talismano*), which are likely to outlive new fashions, however eloquently advocated. These, nearly without exception, are pure "Balfé," and by no means less welcome on that account, for Balfé, in this particular sphere, had a style essentially his own, no matter to what extent he may have adopted, according to his immediate humour, the Italian and French schools as types, for his overtures and concerted pieces. (*Moro*, by the way, has no regular overture—the more's the pity). Among the songs likely to win general popularity may be cited a romance, "Is it, then, in vain I've waited" (Act 1), sung by Antonio Moro while contemplating the portrait of his beloved Olivia (Balfé's "Caro imagine")—a melody with the true melodious "ring;" another song for Moro, "Farewell, ye thoughts of joy and gladness;" a romance for the Duc d'Alva, "Bold knight his armour wearing;" and, perhaps, best of all, Moro's barcarole, "On my gondola so lonely" (Act 2)—all, the last especially, felicitous examples of Balfé at his best, and how grateful to the audience was shown in the loud encores elicited by three out of the four, the honours in the first and last falling to Mr. McGuckin; in the third, to

Mr. Crotty. There is also in Act 2 a charmingly expressive duet between Olivia and Moro, the opening of which may be counted among the gems of the opera, besides some characteristic dance music of the unadulterated Spanish flavour. The performance generally may be praised with little reserve. Madame Valleria, in spite of a cold, for which indulgence was asked, and which occasionally incapacitated her from doing full justice to the vocal requirements of her part (Olivia, as a matter of course), contrived to win the unanimous sympathies of the house by the earnest intelligence of her delineation and the poetic meaning imparted to the music where true expression signifies more than all the rest. Mr. Leslie Crotty is a thoroughly capable representative of the Duke, the music of which is quite suited to his voice; but he will do still more, or we are greatly mistaken, to meet with corresponding results the dramatic requirements of the character. In this particular, too, Mr. McGuckin has some difficulties to overcome, though his success as a vocalist, absolute and undeniable, has raised him more than a step higher in public esteem, and encourages hopes which it only remains for the young tenor himself to fulfil. The other parts are efficiently supported by Miss Giulia (why not Julia?) Warwick; Messrs. Dudley Thomas and Herbert d'Egville (a cousin by the way of Georges Bizet). The opera is admirably put upon the stage, each scene (the last in particular—a view of Antwerp, by Mr. Emden) being a veritable picture. The costumes, too, from designs by Mr. Charles Lyall, evince both artistic taste and acquaintance with the historical period of the story. The performance was conducted by Mr. Carl Rosa himself, whose enthusiastic reception proved the high estimation in which he is held; and what pains the orchestra took with the music of Balfé, a compatriot of so many of them, need hardly be stated.

ABBE LISZT.—After a twelvemonth's absence Franz Liszt has returned to his Hungarian domicile in Buda-Pesth, accompanied by Mlle. Daniela von Bülow, who, with grand-daughterly solicitude, tended him through his long and serious illness. It is whispered in Vienna, that notwithstanding the severe and thoroughly well-merited castigation administered by Dr. Eduard Hanslick, the distinguished critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*, Liszt has been flattered with the idea of an "ovation" from his compatriots, in acknowledgment of the fierce attack on the Hebrew race of artists of every denomination interpolated in the latest edition of his inflated book on Frederic Chopin, which all true friends and admirers of that genuine Polish musician would willingly see committed to the flames, as in some respects a libel upon Chopin the man, and in others a false estimate of Chopin the composer. By the way, Liszt's cantata, *Elizabeth*, is shortly to be produced by the New Musical Society of Brussels. Its performance, not very long ago, in St. James's Hall cannot have been forgotten.

WAIFS.—*La Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz was recently produced at the Grand Theatre, Prague, and so much applauded as to induce the promoters to give it a second hearing on the day following.—Herr Henschel, the bass baritone, well known to English audiences, and his wife (formerly Miss Lilian Bailey), are still at Boston (Massachusetts), where they enjoy as much favour as at the beginning of their sojourn in the United States.—A new Orchestral Union of fifty performers, under the direction of Dr. E. J. Kimball, has been established in Washington (U.S.).—Mlle. Bianca Bianchi, the soprano, not long ago so great a favourite at our Royal Italian Opera, and since the "pet" of the Imperial Opera in Vienna, is engaged to sing next month at the Scala (Milan), and during Lent at the Fenice, Venice.—At Milan the Municipality have decided on connecting telephonically the Scala and Canobbiana Theatres, as also the Town Hall with the firemen's barracks. The Teatro Giacini at Pezzana is shortly to open for operatic performances.—The *Duca d'Alba*, Donizetti's much-talked-of "posthumous" opera, is now in rehearsal at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. The artists, &c., belonging to theatres in the Italian capital are organising a Mutual Aid Society—an excellent idea.—The electric light has been adopted at the Royal Theatre in Malta.—Both French and German papers state that, according to Herr Angelo Neumann (Richard Wagner's "Chancellor"), the projected performances of *Lohengrin* in Paris are only postponed, and will be held in due time, though in what language and by what artists (French or German) is to all appearances a moot question.—Bottesini, the famous contrabassist, has just completed an *opera buffa*, to be entitled *Babele*. Is it a skit upon Anton Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*? Bottesini is just the way to contemplate such heresy.—The "Willems Genootschap" of Ghent have been getting up a musical festival, to be held on the 11th inst. The conspicuous features of the programme are to consist of two new and important works by Benoit, one of the foremost living Belgian composers.



COSTS OF LITIGATION.—On Saturday an application was made before Mr. Justice Kay to stop proceedings which had been going on since 1874, the action being for the recovery of a debt of 49*l.*, and the whole of the estate (853*l.*) being insufficient to pay the costs without satisfying either party. His Lordship directed that the costs should be very carefully taxed, and declined to give liberty to apply in chambers until a full statement had been made.

LIBELLING A CITY DEPUTY.—Six weeks' imprisonment as a second-class misdemeanant is the sentence which Henry Brooks will have to undergo for circulating letters and postcards accusing Mr. Lowman Taylor of "conniving at robberies" in the Central Meat Market.

A RAILWAY PASSENGERS' PROTECTION SOCIETY has been formed, which has for its object "the inquiry into and removal of unjust or vexatious acts or regulations affecting travellers made by railway companies and others, and obtaining redress for loss or inconvenience incident thereto." Captain G. H. Verney, The Cedars, Esher, is the honorary secretary.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A lady, who, after breaking off an engagement with one swain, had accepted his brother as her affianced husband, and subsequently treated him in the same fashion, has been ordered by Lord Coleridge and a special jury to pay her second disappointed lover one farthing damages, without costs. We are not told whether the probable value of the defendant as a wife, or the intensity of the plaintiff's suffering, formed the basis of the estimate.

THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE.—A true bill for wilful murder has been found against Dr. Lamson, but the trial has been postponed until next session.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY has lately been the scene of a number of daring robberies perpetrated by an audacious thief, who visited several rooms, in the absence of their occupants, and carried off money, jewellery, watches, or any portable valuables which happened to lie about. In two instances, finding that the rooms were not unoccupied, he retired, apologising for having made a mistake.

BURGULARS continue to practise their profession with success in many instances, but in some few cases the fortune of war goes against them. One was captured on Saturday by a publican in Catherine Street, Strand, who, finding him on a landing in the dark, and suspecting that he might be armed, very sensibly

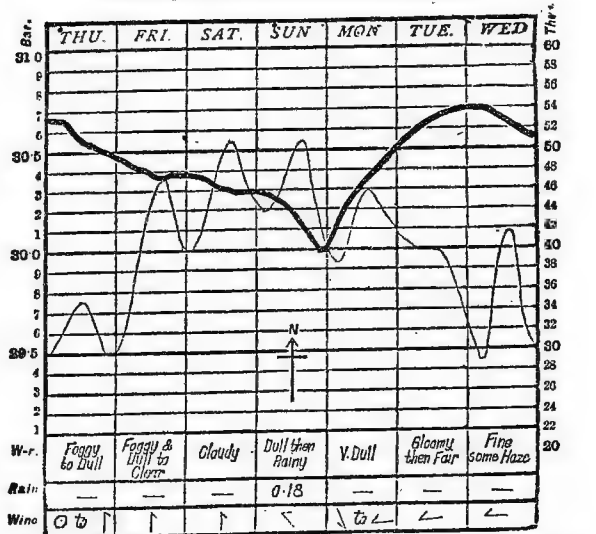
tapped him on the head with a staff, and afterwards handed him over to the police. On Monday, at Hackney, two plucky policemen—Reamy, 235 N, and Stapleton, 33 N R—captured two burglars, one of whom was armed with a revolver, with which he fired at Reamy, though fortunately the bullet only tore the sleeve of his coat.—At Nottingham a policeman named Elsworth is under arrest charged with committing burglaries upon his beat. Some of the stolen property has been found at his lodgings, a silk dress being concealed in a chimney.

A SHOCKING MURDER.—The mysterious disappearance of the little girl, Georgiana Moore, from her home in Westmoreland Street, Pimlico, some six weeks ago, is now explained by the discovery of her dead body in the River Medway, at the village of Yalding, in Kent. A woman named Pay, who formerly lived in the same house with the Moore family, and who has recently been staying with some friends at Yalding has been arrested, and, according to the statement of the detectives, has made some damaging admissions, which, however, she denied when before the magistrates on Wednesday.

THE CHARGE OF FRAUDULENT CONSPIRACY brought against Dr. Arbrath, of Sunderland, and his patient, Mr. McMann, by the North Eastern Railway Company completely broke down at the trial, and the jury acquitted both, adding that they left the Court without a stain on their character. Most people will agree with the verdict, and, perhaps, think besides that Mr. McMann ought now to receive some further compensation in addition to the 720*l.* given to him as solace for a broken life.

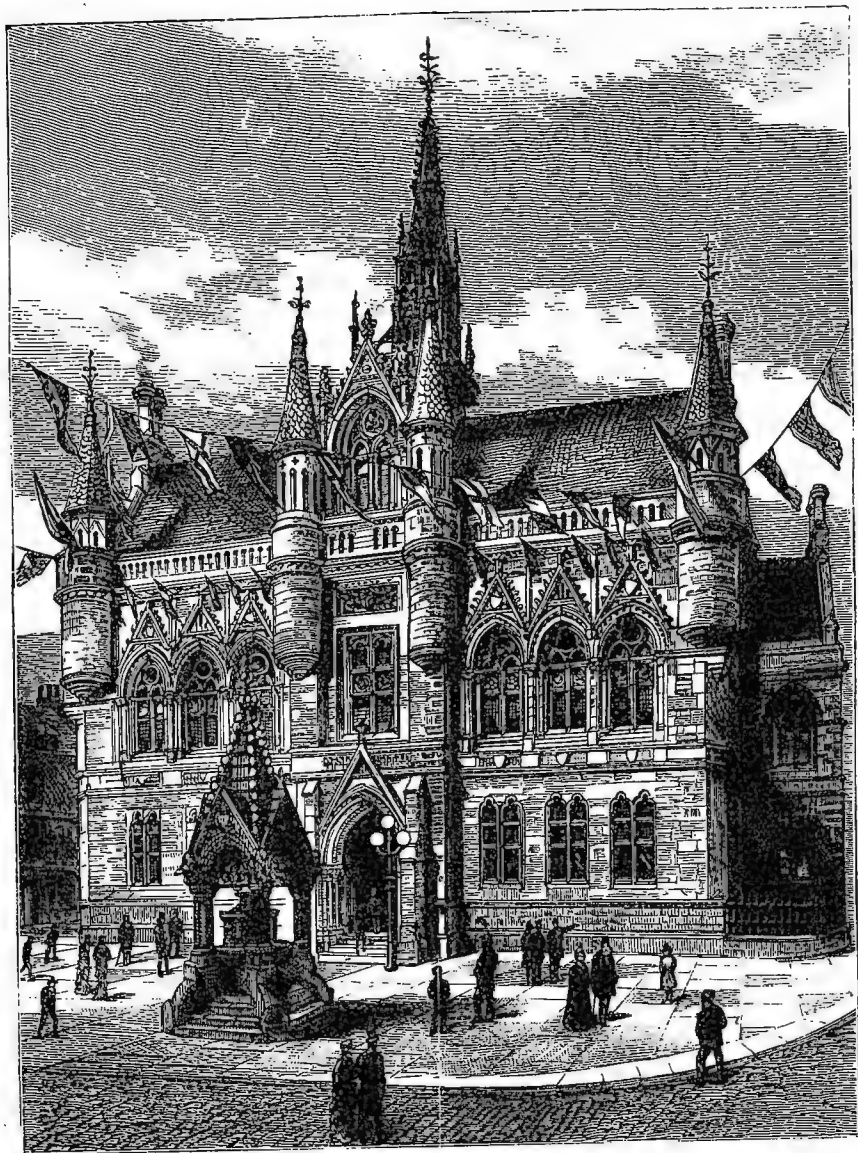
BLUNDERING JUSTICE.—Before the justice-loving British public have had time to recover from the shock resulting from the discovery of the innocence of the convicts Johnston and Clowes, and ere the Government has made up its mind upon the question of compensations in their case—we may say *en parenthèse*, that considering the social, physical, and pecuniary losses they have sustained the 500*l.* offered appears to us to be miserably inadequate, another instance of alleged miscarriage of justice comes before us in the case of the girl Amelia Jordan, who four years ago was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude for stealing a box of jewels belonging to her young mistress, the daughter of Colonel Lane, of Broad Oak, Boxhill, Sussex. The jewels appear to have been stolen during the confusion consequent on the outbreak of a fire in the lady's bedroom, and Jordan being taxed with the theft, took umbrage and started to go home to her parents in London. She was, however, arrested at Croydon, having been searched both at Boxhill and Croydon, and was charged with stealing some articles of trifling value, which had been found in her room. The jury, however, acquitted her; but six weeks afterwards the jewels were found in a lavatory at Croydon Station, and she was then rearrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced. She still asserts her innocence, and friends who are now getting up a petition to the Home Secretary for an inquiry into the case contend that it is most improbable that the jewels could have remained so long in such a place without being discovered, and they also call attention to the singular fact that as soon as they were found the box also was discovered, floating in a cistern at Broad Oak which had previously been searched. It is, of course, too soon yet to form a judgment in the matter, but we should not be greatly surprised to hear that Jordan, like Johnston and Clowes, receives a "free pardon" and some money compensation. It is exceedingly unpleasant to reflect that these are but sample cases, as it were, and that in all probability a certain percentage of our convicted felons are in reality innocent men and women, who, nevertheless, have been unable, either from ignorance or lack of pecuniary means, to clear their characters to the satisfaction of the judges and juries before whom they were tried. It is a glaring anomaly that in the pettiest civil cases the disputants may appeal and appeal again from Court to Court, and carry on the litigation for years if it so please them, whilst in matters where the reputation, the liberty, or even the life of the accused is at stake, there is absolutely no appeal upon the merits of the case, except by way of petition to the Home Secretary; appeals to the Queen's Bench, the High Court of Justice, or the Court for the consideration of Crown Cases Reserved being confined to legal technicalities. It is high time that this should be set right. Judges and juries are but men, and their decisions are therefore necessarily fallible; and it is the height of absurdity and injustice to close the door against any re-hearing of a criminal case as soon as a verdict has been given. The need of reform is urgent, as is, also, the necessity of preventing in some way the astonishing and deplorable disparity of sentences which now so frequently excites popular indignation.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM JAN. 26 TO FEB. 1 (INCLUSIVE).

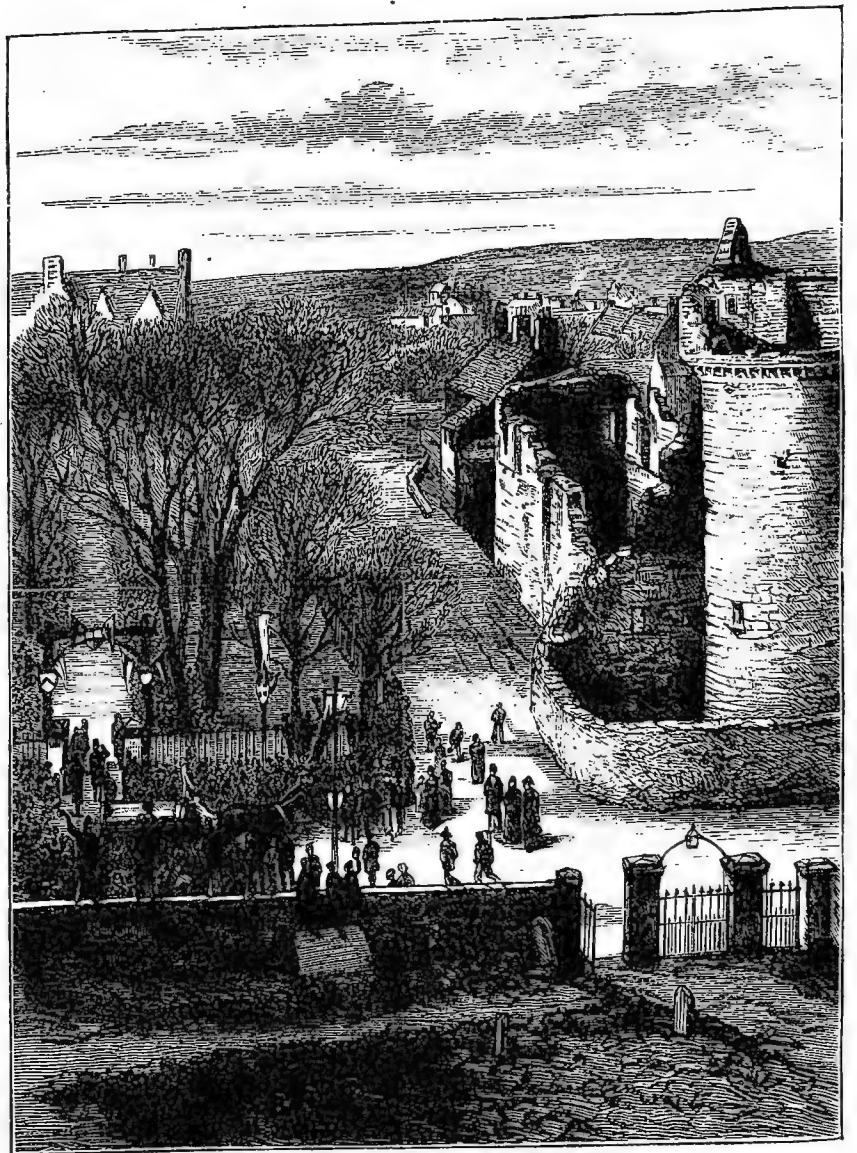


EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the commencement of this period we were still to some extent under the influence of the anti-cyclone which had for so many days been lying in our neighbourhood, and the weather was therefore dull, foggy, and cold, the maximum temperature on Thursday (26th ult.) being only 35°. In the course of Friday (27th ult.), however, the high pressure moved away south-eastward, the weather cleared considerably, and the advent of a decided southerly wind was attended by a brisk rise in temperature, the maximum on that day being as high as 47°. On Saturday (28th ult.), owing to the appearance of some rather important depressions on our western coasts, the weather became more cloudy, and on Sunday (29th ult.), when one of these disturbances crossed England, steady rain fell for two or three hours. In the rear of this depression the wind veered to north-west, and subsequently to east, but the weather continued dull or cloudy until Wednesday (1st inst.), when it became fine and bright. The wind had by that time drawn into south-east, and seemed likely to get into south again (inches) speedy return of cloudy, mild weather. The barometer was highest (30.0 inches) on Wednesday (1st inst.); lowest (30.0 inches) on Sunday (29th ult.); range, 0.0 inches. Temperature was highest (51°) on Saturday and Sunday (28th and 29th inst.); lowest (29°) on Wednesday (1st inst.); range, 22°. Rain fell on one day. Total amount, 0.18 inches.



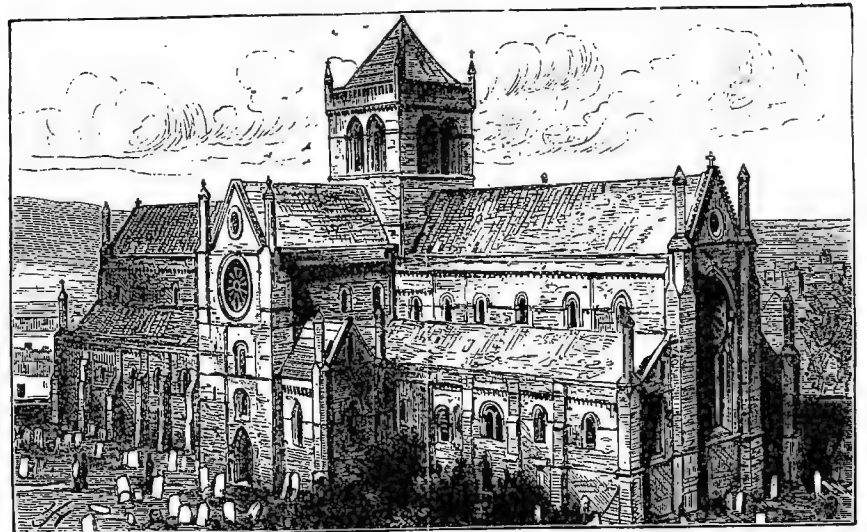
THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, INVERNESS, OPENED BY THE DUKE



THE DUKE'S ARRIVAL AT KIRKWALL, ORKNEY



THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH HIGH STREET, INVERNESS



ST. MAGNUS CATHEDRAL, KIRKWALL, ORKNEY



INVERNESS FROM THE RIVER SIDE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

Lady Amaldina kissed her future husband,—as she might have kissed her grandfather.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMLEY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

LADY AMALDINA'S LOVER

TRAFFORD PARK was in Shropshire. Llwdythlw, the Welsh seat of the Duke of Merioneth, was in the next county;—one of the seats, that is, for the Duke had mansions in many counties. Here at this period of the year it suited Lord Llwdythlw to live,—not for any special gratification of his own, but because North Wales was supposed to require his presence. He looked to the Quarter Sessions, to the Roads, to the Lunatic Asylum, and to the Conservative Interests generally of that part of Great Britain. That he should spend Christmas at Llwdythlw was a thing of course. In January he went into Durham; February to Somersetshire. In this way he parcelled himself out about the kingdom, remaining in London of course from the first to the last of the Parliamentary Session. It was, we may say emphatically, a most useful life, but in which there was no recreation and very little excitement. It was not wonderful that he should be unable to find time to get married. As he could not get as far as Castle Hautboy,—partly, perhaps, because he did not especially like the omnium-gatherum mode of living which prevailed there,—it had been arranged that he should give up two days early in December to meet the lady of his love under her aunt's roof at Trafford Park. Lady Amaldina and he were both to arrive there on Wednesday, December 3rd, and remain till the Tuesday morning. There had not been any special

term arranged as to the young lady's visit, as her time was not of much consequence; but it had been explained minutely that the lover must reach Denbigh by the 5.45 train, so as to be able to visit certain institutions in the town before a public dinner which was to be held in the Conservative interest at seven. Lord Llwdythlw had comfort in thinking that he could utilise his two days' idleness at Trafford in composing and studying the speech on the present state of affairs, which, though to be uttered at Denbigh, would, no doubt, appear in all the London newspapers on the following morning.

As it was to be altogether a lovers' meeting, no company was to be invited. Mr. Greenwood would, of course, be there. To make up something of a dinner party, the Mayor of Shrewsbury was asked for the first evening, with his wife. The Mayor was a strong Conservative politician, and Lord Llwdythlw would therefore be glad to meet him. For the next day's dinner the clergyman of the parish with his wife and daughter were secured. The chief drawback to these festive arrangements consisted in the fact that both Lady Amaldina and her lover arrived on the day of the bitter quarrel between the Marquis and his wife.

Perhaps, however, the coming of guests is the best relief which can be afforded for the misery of such domestic feuds. After such words as had been spoken Lord and Lady Trafford could hardly have sat down comfortably to dinner with no one between them but Mr. Greenwood. In such case there could not have been much conversation. But now the Marquis could come bustling into the drawing-room to

welcome his wife's niece before dinner without any reference to the discomforts of the morning. Almost at the same moment Lord Llwdythlw made his appearance, having arrived at the latest possible moment, and having dressed himself in ten minutes. As there was no one present but the family Lady Amaldina kissed her future husband,—as she might have kissed her grandfather,—and his lordship received the salutation as any stern, undemonstrative grandfather might have done. Then Mr. Greenwood entered, with the Mayor and his wife, and the party was complete. The Marquis took Lady Amaldina out to dinner and her lover sat next to her. The Mayor and his wife were on the other side of the table, and Mr. Greenwood was between them. The soup had not been handed round before Lord Llwdythlw was deep in a question as to the comparative merits of the Shropshire and Welsh lunatic asylums. From that moment till the time at which the gentlemen went to the ladies in the drawing-room the conversation was altogether of a practical nature. As soon as the ladies had left the table, roads and asylums gave way to general politics,—as to which the Marquis and Mr. Greenwood allowed the Conservatives to have pretty much their own way. In the drawing-room conversation became rather heavy, till, at a few minutes after ten, the Mayor, observing that he had a drive before him, retired for the night. The Marchioness with Lady Amaldina followed quickly; and within five minutes the Welsh lord having muttered something as to the writing of letters was within the seclusion of his own bedroom. Not a word of love had been spoken, but Lady Amaldina

was satisfied. On her toilet table she found a little parcel addressed to her by his lordship containing a locket with her monogram, "A. L.," in diamonds. The hour of midnight was long passed before his lordship had reduced to words the first half of those promises of constitutional safety which he intended to make to the Conservatives of Denbigh. Not much was seen of Lord Llwyddthlw after breakfast on the following morning, so determined was he to do justice to the noble cause which he had in hand. After lunch a little expedition was arranged for the two lovers, and the busy politician allowed himself to be sent out for a short drive with no other companion than his future bride. Had he been quite intimate with her he would have given her the manuscript of his speech, and occupied himself by saying it to her as a lesson which he had learnt. As he could not do this he recapitulated to her all his engagements as though excusing his own slowness as to matrimony, and declared that what with the property and what with Parliament, he never knew whether he was standing on his head or his heels. But when he paused he had done nothing towards naming a certain day, so that Lady Amaldina found herself obliged to take the matter into her own hands. "When then do you think it will be?" she asked. He put his hand up and rubbed his head under his hat as though the subject were very distressing to him. "I would not for worlds, you know, think that I was in your way," she said, with just a tone of reproach in her voice.

He was in truth sincerely attached to her;—much more so than it was in the compass of her nature to be to him. If he could have had her for his wife without any trouble of bridal preparations, or of subsequent honeymooning, he would most willingly have begun from this moment. It was incumbent on him to be married, and he had quite made up his mind that this was the sort of wife that he required. But now he was sadly put about by that tone of reproach. "I wish to goodness," he said, "that I had been born a younger brother, or just anybody else than I am."

"Why on earth should you wish that?"
"Because I am so bothered. Of course, you don't understand it."
"I do understand," said Amaldina;—"but there must, you know, be some end to all that. I suppose the Parliament and the Lunatic Asylums will go on just the same always."

"No doubt,—no doubt."
"If so, there is no reason why any day should ever be fixed. People are beginning to think that it must be off, because it has been talked of so long."

"I hope it will never be off."
"I know the Prince said the other day that he had expected—. But it does not signify what he expected." Lord Llwyddthlw had also heard the story of what the Prince had said that he expected, and he scratched his head again with vexation. It had been reported that the Prince had declared that he had hoped to be asked to be godfather long ago. Lady Amaldina had probably heard some other version of the story. "What I mean is that everybody was surprised that it should be so long postponed, and that they now begin to think it is abandoned altogether."

"Shall we say June next?" said the ecstatic lover. Lady Amaldina thought that June would do very well. "But there will be the Towns' Education Improvement Bill," said his lordship, again scratching his head.

"I thought all the towns had been educated long ago." He looked at her with feelings of a double sorrow;—sorrow that she should have known so little, sorrow that she should be treated so badly. "I think we will put it off altogether," she said angrily.

"No, no, no," he exclaimed. "Would August do? I certainly have promised to be at Inverness to open the New Docks."

"That's nonsense," she said. "What can the Docks want with you to open them?"

"My father, you know," he said, "has a very great interest in the city. I think I'll get David to do it." Lord David was his brother, also a Member of Parliament, and a busy man, as were all the Powell family; but one who liked a little recreation among the moors when the fatigue of the House of Commons were over.

"Of course he could do it," said Lady Amaldina. "He got himself married ten years ago."

"I'll ask him, but he'll be very angry. He always says that he oughtn't to be made to do an elder brother's work."

"Then I may tell mamma?" His lordship again rubbed his head, but did it this time in a manner that was conceived to signify assent. The lady pressed his arm gently, and the visit to Trafford, as far as she was concerned, was supposed to have been a success. She gave him another little squeeze as they got out of the carriage, and he went away to sadly learn the rest of his speech, thinking how sweet it might be "To do as others use; Play with the tangles of Neera's hair, Or sport with Amaryllis in the shade."

But there was a worse interruption for Lord Llwyddthlw than this which he had now undergone. At about five, when he was making the peroration of his speech quite secure in his memory, a message came to him from the Marchioness, saying that she would be much obliged to him if he would give her five minutes in her own room. Perhaps he would be kind enough to drink a cup of tea with her. This message was brought by her ladyship's own maid, and could be regarded only as a command. But Lord Llwyddthlw wanted no tea, cared not at all for Lady Kingsbury, and was very anxious as to his speech. He almost cursed the fidgety fretfulness of women as he slipped the manuscript into his letter case, and followed the girl along the passages.

"This is so kind of you," she said. He gave himself the usual rub of vexation as he bowed his head, but said nothing. She saw the state of his mind, but was determined to persevere. Though he was a man plain to look at, he was known to be the very pillar and support of his order. No man in England was so wedded to the Conservative cause,—to that cause which depends for its success on the maintenance of those social institutions by which Great Britain has become the first among the nations. No one believed as did Lord Llwyddthlw in keeping the different classes in their own places,—each place requiring honour, truth, and industry. The Marchioness understood something of his character in that respect. Who therefore would be so ready to see the bitterness of her own injuries, to sympathise with her as to the unfitness of that son and daughter who had no blood relationship to herself, to perceive how infinitely better it would be for the "order" that her own little Lord Frederic should be allowed to succeed, and to assist in keeping the institutions of Great Britain in their proper position? She had become absolutely dead to the fact that by any allusion to the probability of such a succession she was expressing a wish for the untimely death of one for whose welfare she was bound to be solicitous. She had lost, by constant dwelling on the subject, her power of seeing how the idea would strike the feelings of another person. Here was a man peculiarly blessed in the world, a man at the very top of his "order," one who would be closely connected with herself, and on whom at some future time she might be able to lean as on a strong staff. Therefore she determined to trust her sorrows into his ears.

"Won't you have a cup of tea?"
"I never take any at this time of the day."
"Perhaps a cup of coffee?"
"Nothing before dinner, thank you."
"You were not at Castle Hautboy when Hampstead and his sister were there?"
"I have not been at Castle Hautboy since the spring."
"Did you not think it very odd that they should have been asked?"
"No, indeed! Why odd?"

"You know the story;—do you not? As one about to be so nearly connected with the family, you ought to know it. Lady Frances has made a most unfortunate engagement, to a young man altogether beneath her,—to a Post Office clerk!"

"I did hear something of that."
"She behaved shockingly here, and was then taken away by her brother. I have been forced to divorce myself from her altogether." Lord Llwyddthlw rubbed his head; but on this occasion Lady Kingsbury misinterpreted the cause of his vexation. He was troubled at being made to listen to this story. She conceived that he was disgusted by the wickedness of Lady Frances. "After that I think my sister was very wrong to have her at Castle Hautboy. No countenance ought to be shown to a young woman who can behave so abominably." He could only rub his head. "Do you not think that such marriages are most injurious to the best interests of society?"

"I certainly think that young ladies should marry in their own rank."

"So much depends upon it,—does it not, Lord Llwyddthlw? All the future blood of our head families! My own opinion is that nothing could be too severe for such conduct."

"Will severity prevent it?"
"Nothing else can. My own impression is that a father in such case should be allowed to confine his daughter. But then the Marquis is so weak."

"The country would not stand it for a moment."
"So much the worse for the country," said her ladyship, holding up her hands. "But the brother is if possible worse than the sister."

"Hampstead?"
"He utterly hates all idea of an aristocracy."
"That is absurd."

"Most absurd," said the Marchioness, feeling herself to be encouraged;—"most absurd, and abominable, and wicked. He is quite a revolutionist."

"Not that, I think," said his lordship, who knew pretty well the nature of Hampstead's political feelings.

"Indeed he is. Why, he encourages his sister! He would not mind her marrying a shoeblack if only he could debase his own family. Think what I must feel, I, with my darling boys!"

"Is not he kind to them?"
"I would prefer that he should never see them!"

"I don't see that at all," said the angry lord.

But she altogether misunderstood him. "When I think of what he is, and to what he will reduce the whole family should he live, I cannot bear to see him touch them. Think of the blood of the Traffords, of the blood of the Mountressors, of the blood of the Hautevilles;—think of your own blood, which is now to be connected with theirs, and that all this is to be defiled because this man chooses to bring about a disreputable, disgusting marriage with the expressed purpose of degrading us all."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Kingsbury; I shall be in no way degraded."

"Think of us; think of my children."

"Nor will they. It may be a misfortune, but will be no degradation. Honour can only be impaired by that which is dishonourable. I wish that Lady Frances had given her heart elsewhere, but I feel sure that the name of her family is safe in her hands. As for Hampstead, he is a young man for whose convictions I have no sympathy—but I am sure that he is a gentleman."

"I would that he were dead!" said Lady Kingsbury in her wrath.

"Lady Kingsbury!"

"I would that he were dead!"

"I can only say," said Lord Llwyddthlw rising from his chair, "that you have made your confidence most unfortunately. Lord Hampstead is a young nobleman whom I should be proud to call my friend. A man's politics are his own. His honour, his integrity, and even his conduct belong in a measure to his family. I do not think that his father, or his brothers, or if I may say so, his stepmother, will ever have occasion to blush for anything that he may do." With this he bowed to the Marchioness, and stalked out of the room with a grand manner, which those who saw him shuffling his feet in the House of Commons would hardly have thought belonged to him.

The dinner on that day was very quiet, and Lady Kingsbury retired to bed earlier even than usual. The conversation at the dinner was dull, and turned mostly on Church subjects. Mr. Greenwood endeavoured to be sprightly, and the parson, and the parson's wife, and the parson's daughter were uncomfortable. Lord Llwyddthlw was almost dumb. Lady Amaldina, having settled the one matter of interest to her, was simply contented. On the next morning her lover took his departure by an earlier train than he had intended. It was, he said, necessary that he should look into some matters at Denbigh before he made his speech. He contrived to get a compartment to himself, and there he practised his lesson till he felt that further practice would only confuse him.

"You had Fanny at the Castle the other day," Lady Kingsbury said the next morning to her niece.

"Mamma thought it would be good-natured to ask them both."

"They did not deserve it. Their conduct has been such that I am forced to say that they deserve nothing from my family. Did she speak about this marriage of hers?"

"She did mention it."

"Well!"

"Oh, there was nothing. Of course there was much more to say about mine. She was saying that she would be glad to be a bridesmaid."

"Pray don't have her."

"Why not, aunt?"

"I could not possibly be there if you did. I have been compelled to divorce her from my heart."

"Poor Fanny!"

"But she was not ashamed of what she is doing?"

"I should say not. She is not one of those that are ever ashamed."

"No, no. Nothing would make her ashamed. All ideas of propriety she has banished from her,—as though they didn't exist. I expect to hear that she disregards marriage altogether."

"Aunt Clara!"

"What can you expect from doctrines such as those which she and her brother share? Thank God, you have never been in the way of hearing of such things. It breaks my heart when I think of what my own darlings will be sure to hear some of these days,—should their half-brother and half-sister still be left alive. But, Amaldina, pray do not have her for one of your bridesmaids." Lady Amaldina, remembering that her cousin was very handsome, and also that there might be a difficulty in making up the twenty titled virgins, gave her aunt no promise.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SCHEME IS SUCCESSFUL

WHEN the matter was mentioned to George Roden by his mother he could see no reason why she should not dine at Hendon Hall. He himself was glad to have an opportunity of getting over that roughness of feeling which had existed between him and his friend when they parted with each other on the road. As to his mother, it would be well that she should so far return to the usages of the world as to dine at the house of her son's friend. "It is only going back to what you used to be," he said.

"You know nothing of what I used to be," she replied, almost angrily.

"I ask no questions, and have endeavoured so to train myself that I should care but little about it. But I knew it was so." Then after a pause he went back to the current of his thoughts. "Had my father been a prince I think that I should take no pride in it."

"It is well to have been born a gentleman," she said.

"It is well to be a gentleman, and if the good things which are generally attendant on high birth will help a man in reaching noble feelings and grand resolves, so it may be that to have been well born will be an assistance. But if a man derogates from his birth,—as so many do,—then it is a crime."

"All that has to be taken for granted, George."

"But it is not taken for granted. Though the man himself be knave, and fool, and coward, he is supposed to be ennobled because the blood of the Howards run in his veins. And worse again: though he has gifts of nobility beyond compare he can hardly dare to stand upright before lords and dukes because of his inferiority."

"That is all going away."

"Would that it could be made to go a little faster. It may be helped in its going. It may be that in these days the progress shall be accelerated. But you will let me write to Hampstead and say that you will come?" She assented, and so that part of the little dinner party was arranged.

After that she herself contrived to see the Quaker one evening on his return home. "Yes," said Mr. Fay; "I have heard thy proposition from Marion. Why should the young lord desire such a one as I am to sit at his table?"

"He is George's intimate friend."

"That thy son should choose his friend well, I surely believe, because I see him to be a prudent and wise young man, who does not devote himself overmuch to riotous amusements." George did occasionally go to a theatre, thereby offending the Quaker's judgment, justifying the "overmuch," and losing his claim to a full measure of praise. "Therefore I will not quarrel with him that he has chosen his friend from among the great ones of the earth. But like to like is a good motto. I fancy that the weary draught-horse, such as am I, should not stable himself with hunters and racers."

"This young man affects the society of such as yourself and George, rather than that of others nobly born as himself."

"I do not know that he shows his wisdom the more."

"You should give him credit at any rate for good endeavours."

"It is not for me to judge him one way or the other. Did he ask that Marion should also go to his house?"

"Certainly. Why should not the child see something of the world that may amuse her?"

"Little good can come to my Marion from such amusements, Mrs. Roden; but something, perhaps, of harm. Wilt thou say that such recreation must necessarily be of service to a girl born to perform the hard duties of a strict life?"

"I would trust Marion in anything," said Mrs. Roden, eagerly.

"So would I; so would I. She hath ever been a good girl."

"But do you not distrust her if you shut her up, and are afraid to allow her even to sit at table in a strange house?"

"I have never forbidden her to sit at thy table," said the Quaker.

"And you should let her go specially as a kindness to me. For my son's sake I have promised to be there, and it would be a comfort to me to have another woman with me."

"Then you will hardly need me," said Mr. Fay, not without a touch of jealousy.

"He specially pressed his request that you would come. It is among such as you that he would wish to make himself known. Moreover, if Marion is to be there, you, I am sure, will choose to accompany her. Would you not wish to see how the child bears herself on such an occasion?"

"On all occasions, at all places, at all hours, I would wish to have my child with me. There is nothing else left to me in all the world on which my eye can rest with pleasure. But I doubt whether it may be for her good." Then he took his departure, leaving the matter still undecided, speaking of it with words which seemed to imply that he must ultimately refuse, but impressing Mrs. Roden with a conviction that he would at last accept the invitation.

"Doest thou wish it thyself?" he said to his daughter before retiring to rest that night.

"If you will go, father, I should like it."

"Why shouldst thou like it? What dost thou expect? Is it because the young man is a lord, and that there will be something of the gilded grandeur of the grand ones of the earth to be seen about his house and his table?"

"It is not for that, father."

"Or is it because he is young and comely, and can say soft things as such youths are wont to do, because he will smell sweetly of scents and lavender, because his hand will be soft to the touch, with rings on his fingers, and jewels perhaps on his bosom like a woman?"

"No father; it is not for that."

"The delicacies which he will give thee to eat and to drink; the sweetmeats and rich food cannot be much to one nurtured as thou hast been?"

"Certainly not, father; they can be nothing to me."

"Then why is it that thou wouldst go to his house?"

"It is that I may hear you, father, speak among men."

"Nay," said he laughing, "thou mayst hear me better speak among men at King's Court in the City. There I can hold my own well enough, but with these young men over their wine, I shall have but little to say, I fancy. If thou hast nothing to gain but to hear thy old father talk, the time and money will be sorely thrown away."

"I would hear him talk, father."

"The young lord?"

"Yes; the young lord. He is bright and clever, and, coming from another world than our world, can tell me things that I do not know."

"Can he tell thee aught that is good?"

"From what I hear of him from our friend he will tell me, I think, naught that is bad. You will be there to hear, and to arrest his words if they be evil. But I think him to be one from whose mouth no guile or folly will be heard."

"Who art thou, my child, that thou shouldst be able to judge whether words of guile are likely to come from a young man's lips?" But this he said smiling and pressing her hand while he seemed to rebuke her.

"Nay, father; I do not judge. I only say that I think it might be so. They are not surely all false and wicked. But if you wish it otherwise I will not utter another syllable to urge the request."

"We will go, Marion. Thy friend urged that it is not good that thou shouldst always be shut up with me alone. And, though I may distrust the young lord as not knowing him, my confidence in thee is such that I think that nothing will ever shake it." And so it was settled that they should all go. He would send to a livery stable and hire a carriage for this unusual occasion. There should be no need for the young lord to send them home. Though he did not know,—as he said,—much of the ways of the outside world, it was hardly the custom for the host to supply carriages as well as viands. When he dined, as he did annually, with the elder Mr. Pogson, Mr. Pogson sent him home in no carriage. He would sit at the lord's table, but he would go and come as did other men.

On the Friday named the two ladies and the two men arrived at Hendon Hall in something more than good time. Hampstead hopped and skipped about as though he were delighted as a boy

might have been at their coming. It may be possible that there was something of guile even in this, and that he had calculated that he might thus best create quickly that intimacy with the Quaker and his daughter which he felt to be necessary for his full enjoyment of the evening. If the Quaker himself expected much of that gilding of which he had spoken he was certainly disappointed. The garniture of Hendon Hall had always been simple, and now had assumed less even of aristocratic finery than it used to show when prepared for the use of the Marchioness. "I'm glad you've come in time," said he, "because you can get comfortably warm before dinner." Then he fluttered about round Mrs. Roden, paying her attention much rather than Marion Fay—still with some guile, as knowing that he might thus best prepare for the coming of future good things. "I suppose you found it awfully cold," he said.

"I do not know that we were awed, my lord," said the Quaker. "But the winter has certainly set in with some severity."

"Oh, father!" said Marion, rebuking him.

"Everything is awful now," said Hampstead, laughing. "Of course the word is absurd, but one gets in the way of using it because other people do."

"Nay, my lord, I crave pardon if I seemed to criticise thy language. Being somewhat used to a sterner manner of speaking, I took the word in its stricter sense."

"It is but slang from a girl's school after all," said Roden.

"Now, Master George, I am not going to bear correction from you," said Hampstead, "though I put up with it from your elders. Miss Fay, when you were at school did they not talk slang?"

"Where I was at school, Lord Hampstead," Marion answered, "we were kept in strict leading strings. Fancy, father, what Miss Watson would have said if we had, used any word in a sense not used in a dictionary."

"Miss Watson was a sensible woman, my dear, and understood well, and performed faithfully, the duties which she had undertaken. I do not know that as much can be said of all those who keep fashionable seminaries for young ladies at the West End."

"Miss Watson had a red face, and a big cap, and spectacles;—had she not?" said Hampstead, appealing to Marion Fay.

"Miss Watson," said Mrs. Roden, "whom I remember to have seen once when Marion was at school with her, was a very little woman, with bright eyes, who wore her own hair, and always looked as though she had come out of a bandbox."

"She was absolutely true to her ideas of life, as a Quaker should be," said Mr. Fay, "and I only hope that Marion will follow her example. As to language, it is, I think, convenient that to a certain extent our mode of speech should consort with our mode of living. You would not expect to hear from a pulpit the phrases which belong to a racecourse, nor would the expressions which are decorous, perhaps, in aristocratic drawing-rooms, befit the humble parlours of clerks and artisans."

"I never will say that anything is awful again," said Lord Hampstead, as he gave his arm to Mrs. Roden, and took her in to dinner.

"I hope he will not be angry with father," whispered Marion Fay to George Roden, as they walked across the hall together.

"Not in the least. Nothing of that kind could anger him. If your father were to cinge or to flatter him then he would be disgusted."

"Father would never do that," said Marion, with confidence.

The dinner went off very pleasantly, Hampstead and Roden taking between them the weight of the conversation. The Quaker was perhaps a little frightened by the asperity of his own first remark, and ate his good things almost in silence. Marion was quite contented to listen, as she had told her father was her purpose; but it was perhaps to the young lord's words that she gave attention rather than to those of his friends. His voice was pleasant to her ears. There was a certain graciousness in his words, as to which she did not suppose that their softness was specially intended for her hearing. Who does not know the way in which a man may set himself at work to gain admission into a woman's heart and yet address hardly a word to herself? And who has not noted the sympathy with which the woman has unconsciously accepted the homage? That pressing of the hand, that squeezing of the arm, that glancing of the eyes, which are common among lovers, are generally the developed consequences of former indications which have had their full effect, even though they were hardly understood, and could not have been acknowledged, at the time. But Marion did, perhaps, feel that there was something of worship even in the way in which her host looked towards her with rapid glances from minute to minute, as though to see that if not with words, at any rate with thoughts, she was taking her share in the conversation which was certainly intended for her delight. The Quaker in the mean time ate his dinner very silently. He was conscious of having shown himself somewhat of a prig about that slang phrase, and was repenting himself. Mrs. Roden every now and then would put in a word in answer rather to her son than to the host, but she was aware of those electric sparks which, from Lord Hampstead's end of the wire, were being directed momentarily against Marion Fay's heart.

"Now just for the fashion of the thing you must sit here for a quarter of an hour, while we are supposed to be drinking our wine." This was said by Lord Hampstead when he took the two ladies into the drawing-room after dinner.

"Don't hurry yourselves," said Mrs. Roden. "Marion and I are old friends, and will get on very well."

"Oh yes," said Marion. "It will be pleasure enough to me just to sit here and look around me." Then Hampstead knelt down between them, pretending to doctor up the fire, which certainly required no doctoring. They were standing, one on one side and the other on the other, looking down upon him.

"You are spoiling that fire, Lord Hampstead," said Mrs. Roden.

"Coals were made to be poked, I feel sure of that. Do take the poker and give them one blow. That will make you at home in the house for ever, you know." Then he handed the implement to Marion.

She could hardly do other than take it in her hand. She took it, blushed up to the roots of her hair, paused a moment, and then gave the one blow to the coals that had been required of her. "Thanks," said he, nodding at her as he still knelt at her feet and took the poker from her; "thanks. Now you are free of Hendon Hall for ever. I wouldn't have any one but a friend poke my fire."

Upon that he got up and walked slowly out of the room.

"Oh, Mrs. Roden," said Marion, "I wish I hadn't done it."

"It doesn't matter. It was only a joke."

"Of course it was a joke! but I wish I hadn't done it. It seemed at the moment that I should look to be cross if I didn't do as he bade me. But when he had said that about being at home—! Oh, Mrs. Roden. I wish I had not done it."

"He will know that it was nothing, my dear. He is good-humoured and playful, and likes the feeling of making us feel that we are not strangers." But Marion knew that Lord Hampstead would not take it as meaning nothing. Though she could see no more than his back as he walked out of the room, she knew that he was glowing with triumph.

"Now, Mr. Fay, here is port if you like, but I recommend you to stick to the claret."

"I have pretty well done all the sticking, my lord, of which I am competent," said the Quaker. "A little wine goes a long way with me, as I am not much used to it."

"Wine maketh glad the heart of man," said Roden.

"True enough, Mr. Roden. But I doubt whether it be good that a man's heart should be much gladdened. Gladness and sorrow counterbalance each other too surely. An even serenity is best fitted to human life, if it can be reached."

"A level road without hills," said Hampstead: "They say that horses are soonest tired by such travelling."

"They would hardly tell you so themselves if they could give their experience after a long day's journey." Then there was a pause, but Mr. Fay continued to speak. "My lord, I fear I misbehaved myself in reference to that word 'awful' which fell by chance from thy mouth."

"Oh, dear no; nothing of the kind."

"I was bethinking me that I was among the young men in our court in Old Broad Street, who will indulge sometimes in a manner of language not befitting their occupation at the time, or perhaps their station in life. I am wont then to remind them that words during business hours should be used in their strict sense. But, my lord, if you will take a farm horse from his plough you cannot expect from him that he should prance upon the green."

"It is because I think that there should be more mixing between what you call plough horses and animals used simply for play, that I have been so proud to make you welcome here. I hope it may not be by many the last time that you will act as a living dictionary for me. If you won't have any more wine we will go to them in the drawing-room."

Mrs. Roden very soon declared it necessary that they should start back to Holloway. Hampstead himself did not attempt to delay them. The words that had absolutely passed between him and Marion had hardly been more than those which have been here set down, but yet he felt that he had accomplished not only with satisfaction but with some glory to himself the purpose for which he had specially invited his guests. His scheme had been carried out with perfect success. After the manner in which Marion had obeyed his behest about the fire, he was sure that he was justified in regarding her as a friend.

(To be continued.)

BAMBERG AND THE VALLEY OF THE MAIN

BAMBERG is built on five hills rising out of a vast plain, and each of these hills is crowned by a fine church. The four grand spires of the Cathedral, the spires of the Michaelsberg Church on its lofty hill, the massive tower of the Obere Pfarrkirche, the Rathaus, St. Jacob's, and many other spires, with the Altenburg tower high above all, give a splendid air to the spacious old city. We were struck by the extent of vegetable gardens through which we reached Bamberg, and next morning, on looking out of the windows of our hotel in the Grünmarkt, we saw a wonderful show of green vegetables, and cucumbers spread all over the broad long street; it seemed as if the Grünmarkt were paved with huge cabbages. At one end of the broad street a snowy flight of pigeons came swooping down from the tall red roofs, covering the ground like a sudden snowfall; in the midst of them stood a little old woman, laughing and gesticulating, and emptying with both hands, between whites, a bag full of crumbs. When we came up to her she began to talk, half to the pigeons and half to the crowd of children gathered round her. "They," she pointed to the pigeons, "are my children, I have no others but these dear God-beloved birds. It is a good act to aid me in my work of charity." This seemed an ingenious style of begging, as she walked on with her train of ragged children.

There is much to see in Bamberg and its neighbourhood. The singular position of the Rathaus in the middle of the river is thus accounted for. In the fifteenth century the rebellious burghers of Bamberg were condemned by their Prince-Bishop, Anton von Rotenhahn, to pull down their old Rathaus in the Market Place, and forbidden to build a new one within the city walls, the Bishop refusing to grant them a foot of land for such a purpose. The Burgomaster and his colleagues were puzzled at first. At last one of them exclaimed, "The Prince-Bishop refuses us land, but the river is ours as much as his, and in it we will build our Rathaus." Accordingly the huge pile stands on an artificial island in the midst of the Regnitz. The banks of the river are extremely picturesque, bordered by quaint old houses, the bridges and the Rathaus making a central point of interest—the views from the bridges themselves high above part of the town are well worth seeing. The houses are not so artistic as those of Nuremberg, but they have a special character of their own. Everything in Bamberg is grand and spacious, the river with its islands and quays; the broad, grass-grown streets, and on the top of the steep hill, the massive cathedral, with its four beautiful spires, and the immense palace beside it. This last has, however, only size to recommend it, and is very inferior in interest to the Alte-Residenz, the remains of which, with a picturesque gateway, stand between it and the cathedral.

There is a fine view over the town with its wonderfully varied roofs, St. Jacob's Church rising above them, and of the country beyond; we stood gazing for some time on the hill in front of the cathedral, before we climbed the huge flight of steps leading to the doorway on the south side of the eastern apse. This door stands within a round-headed porch full of rich ornaments and with six remarkable figures said to be of the second half of the thirteenth century, on the right are Adam and Eve and St. Peter, on the left Saints Stephen, Cunigunde, and Henry. Below the figure of Eve is a rough projecting stone, and on this a woman convicted of adultery had to stand clad in sackcloth, holding a lighted taper in her hand, and wearing a straw crown on her head, while the church-goers as they went in to hear Mass flung rotten apples at her. The doorway on the north side of the apse is also very remarkable; it has four shafts on each side with richly sculptured capitals, and the tympanum is filled with reliefs still older in character than the figures on the south door. The Prince's Door, as it is called, on the north side of the cathedral is very fine, and the figures on it are highly symbolical—two of them fixed to the shafts represent the Church and the Synagogue, the latter is blindfold, and the Book of the Law is slipping from her grasp. The interior of the church, like the outside, is severely simple, Romanesque with here and there a mixture of Early Gothic in the sculpture, &c. It is not very large, but is in perfect proportion—a high altar and choir east and west, raised high above the rest of the cathedral, each of these has a crypt below, the east end and its crypt being by far the most interesting parts of the church. The monument of Conrad III. is in this crypt, and also a deep well, from which the water for the font used to be drawn.

There are some very remarkable monuments, especially one of Pope Clement II., Bishop of Bamberg in the eleventh century; and in the middle of the nave is the mausoleum of the Emperor Henry II. and his wife, the holy Cunigunde, the founders of the cathedral. The bas-reliefs on this are very curious: one of them shows the Empress undergoing the ordeal by fire; but even more interesting are the sculptured figures and bas-reliefs about the church, especially some ancient ones at the east end.

We went through the large burial chapel and the sacristy. There are some interesting works of art in this chapel, but the sixty-four bronze grave-plates, ranged chiefly along the right-hand wall, are of ordinary manufacture, not, as has been asserted, by Peter Vischer. In the sacristy is a gorgeous collection of church vessels, candelabra, and vestments, one of these embroidered by St. Cunigunde. Her skull and that of her husband are also here, partly hidden by golden circles.

It was a fatiguing walk to the Michaelsberg. We went down the steep cathedral hill, and then climbed up the much steeper Michaelsberg, on the top of which stand the large church and convent buildings of St. Michael. Behind the church gates is a beautiful garden. Such huge masses of dahlias, zinnias, and asters I never saw, massed, too, in long broad stripes of vivid orange and

gold, scarlet and purple, set close against one another. Here is a broad walk, bordered by a low wall built on the edge of the steep hill; below lies the city with its spires, the Altenberg rising loftily above all. Beyond the city one can follow the course of the Main and the Regnitz for miles in the broad plain studded with woods and villages. Beyond rise the peaks of Franconian Switzerland, the Steyerwald, and the Staffelberg and its surrounding heights, the skirts of the Thuringian forest. Whichever way we looked we saw a splendid panorama.

Bright, busy little Würzburg was a great contrast to both Nuremberg and Bamberg. Except the Marien Kapelle there is scarcely any architecture worth looking at; but, for all that, it is a charming town, and the view over the Main from the bridge, with its huge statues of Kaisers and Bishops, and the Marienburg fortress frowning down from the heights opposite, makes a very vivid picture fully equal to any on the Rhine.

The morning after our arrival was market day, and the great square close by our most pleasant and comfortable hotel, the Würtemberger Hof, was a brilliant spectacle of colour. Just in front is the beautiful Marien Kapelle, with its elegant spire of red sandstone, while on the other side of the Platz can be seen above the houses the towers of the cathedral and the dome of the Neumünster Church.

The fruit in the stalls was abundant and excellent. Plums of all hues, from bloomy purple to golden yellow, cranberries; glowing grapes heaped into most artistic groups; rosy and russet apples and pears flame-colour and gold, which a man told us came from Mayence; peaches and melons—though these were rare. Among the vegetables we came upon a fungus market, rich in colour, yet with a certain weirdness of aspect that made us shiver.

One of the picturesque market women had grouped her flowers and fruit with marvellous effect; but, alas! there came a sudden swaying in the crowd of buyers, the hamper which supported the tripod of quaint baskets containing her lovely pyramid was displaced, and away went grapes and peaches and roses on to the rough stones of the Platz. Poor woman! she bore this misfortune with smiling good humour, and I believe it sold for her the remainder of her grapes.

Here we saw again the scarlet kerchiefs we had noticed at Nuremberg and Bamberg, but with them among the countrywomen who had come in to buy there were wonderfully rich costumes, reminding us of those in South Brittany. We followed one old lady closely, and she smiled as if gratified by our inspection; and when I said, "You are very beautiful, madame," she smiled again, and gave me a patronising nod. Her skirt was dark mulberry-coloured cloth, so finely pleated that it looked gauffered, and projected at the hem like a fan; this hem, about six inches wide, was pale-blue. Her many-striped apron—this, too, was like a Breton one—spread over two-thirds of the skirt; the low-cut bodice was dark green, with full sleeves and high puffs at the shoulders; the belt was black velvet, edged with gold lace; her red and green handkerchief was rolled up and tied round her head, knotted in front, so as to show the elaborate plaits of hair behind. Judging by her face she must have been eighty years old, and she seemed hardly able to hurry along with her companions to the railway station.

A narrow quaint street led us from the market past the cathedral and the Neumünster Church, where an outside tablet commemorates the bequest of Walter de Vogelweide, a minstrel of the thirteenth century, to the birds. The minstrel said they had taught him to sing, and in gratitude he left a sum of money to feed them daily; but the canons after a while forgot the birds and appropriated the bequest. The cloister in which Walter was buried has been removed. We went on into the charming gardens behind the Residenz. In the centre of these, in a tree-shaded opening, and surrounded with orange trees, a fountain rises up some fifty feet from a basin filled with goldfish. While we sat enjoying this delightful scene gay little chaffinches hopped close up to us, evidently expecting to be fed.

The gardens are full of interest, and from one side we got a charming evening view of the spires of the church close by, and the castle across the river. Through the double avenue we reached the outside of the town. Only part of the walls remain, but these group in picturesquely with the spires and distant castle.

The Main is very charming for the first part of the journey to Wertheim, but we soon leave its valley, and at Lauda begin to follow the Tauber. This is pretty smiling country—the little river is so winding that there is constant change of scene—small villages are planted between the hills—but when all at once we came in sight of Wertheim there was a cry of admiration.

Here is the lovely Main again, and the Tauber flows into it at an angle in which one side of the town nestles among trees, with a bold red-capped tower guarding it in front, and the grand old red castle rising high above the tower and the spire of the church.

The little town of Wertheim is as primitive as it is charming, and in the evening light we got lovely views over the Main and the Tauber. Going up the broad quaint High Street we came to a very remarkable fountain or well, standing where three ways meet. It has a curious canopy, supported by figures—some of these are very artistic and life-like; there are inscriptions and also a date, 1574. It made a remarkable picture in the evening light, with girls pumping up the water, or standing round, each eager to fill her water-pail, and carry it away on her back.

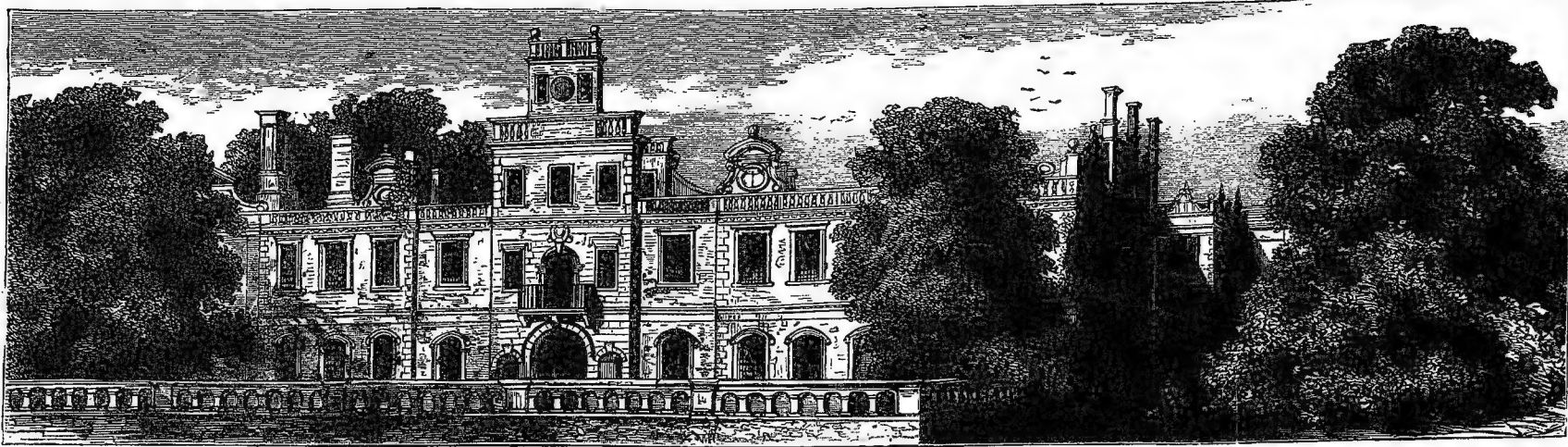
Next morning we went up to the church, which groups in well with the old red castle on the height above. Count Johann of Wertheim began to build this church in 1384, and was buried in it in 1407, with his two wives, under a monument in the choir. There are numerous monuments here reared off from the rest of the church, and wonderfully sculptured. The wall and floor are literally covered with magnificent gravestones in good preservation. It is a steep way up to the old castle, but when we reached it it reminded us somewhat of Heidelberg, but has been far more more injured and defaced; at present unrestored, it is sheltered in trees, wild climbing plants cling round the ruined windows, and peep out of crevices in the purple-red stones, and wherever we climbed we found extensive views over the Main and the Tauber. A most romantic walk, cut sheer through the wood, led us up to a point above the castle, whence the view was very fine.

It is a shame that Prince Löwestein-Wertheim, to whom the place belongs, permits a *cave* to exist in the very midst of this extensive ruin—a festival had crowded it, and the effect was disturbing.

Every now and then, a ruined window framed in a charming bit of the castle. When we went down to the terrace, which seems to hang in the air, supported by arches that go down to a vast depth below, we got excellent views of the old red ruin with its massive donjon tower. Below us lay the town, with the Main valley on the right, its steep hills dark with woods, and on the left was the Tauber, winding its way behind us through a more level and smiling country till a mass of dark hill closed the end of the valley. Acacia trees were everywhere bending under a weight of seed-pods.

There is but one sculptured doorway left in the Castle, but it is a beautiful one. We found one chamber with a roof supported by a single column, and below there is a hall in which two columns are still standing. But for the ravages committed during the Thirty Years' War it would be a splendid old building.

There was rain in the evening, which did not, however, hinder a torchlight procession, which went singing through the town, but next morning the sun shone brightly again, and we started early for Freudenberg. The first part of our journey lay close beside the Main, opposite was a range of dark blue vine-covered hills—our road bordered with large apple trees so covered with rosy fruit that often the heavily-laden trees had to be supported by poles. The fruit gleamed rose and purple, gem-like against the dark hills across the river; the turf beside the road was spangled with chicory blossoms.



THE GARDEN FRONT



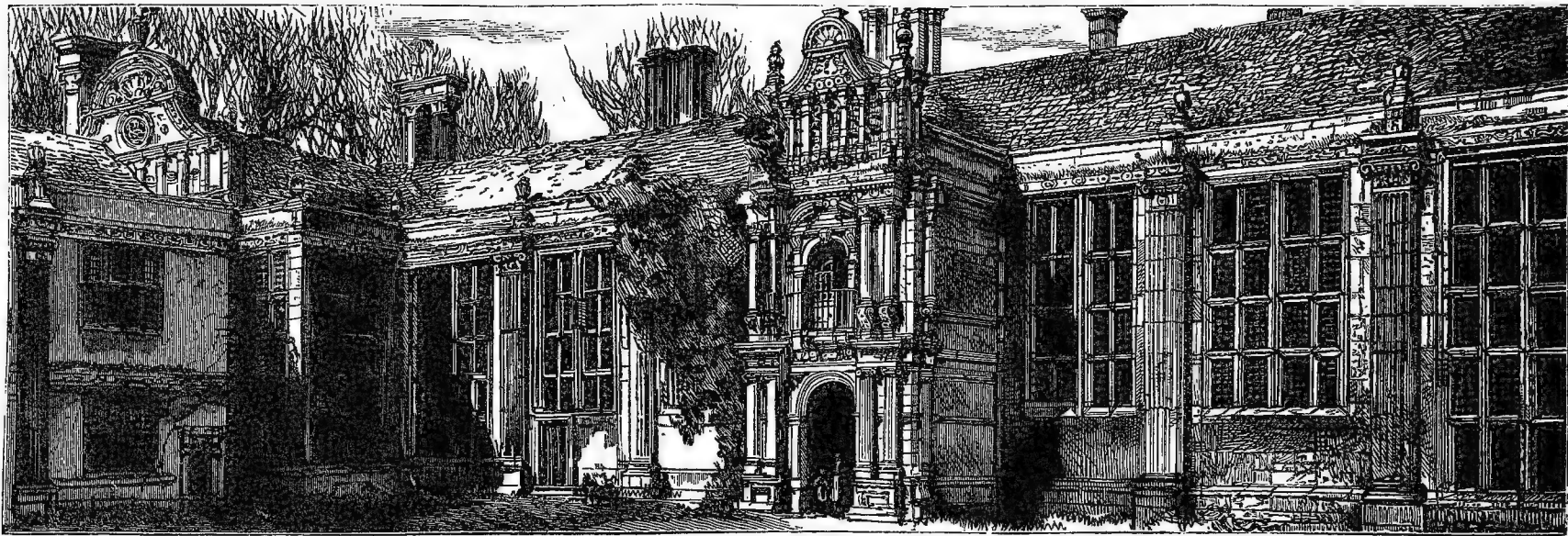
QUEEN ELIZABETH
From a Painting by Isaac Oliver

Elizabeth

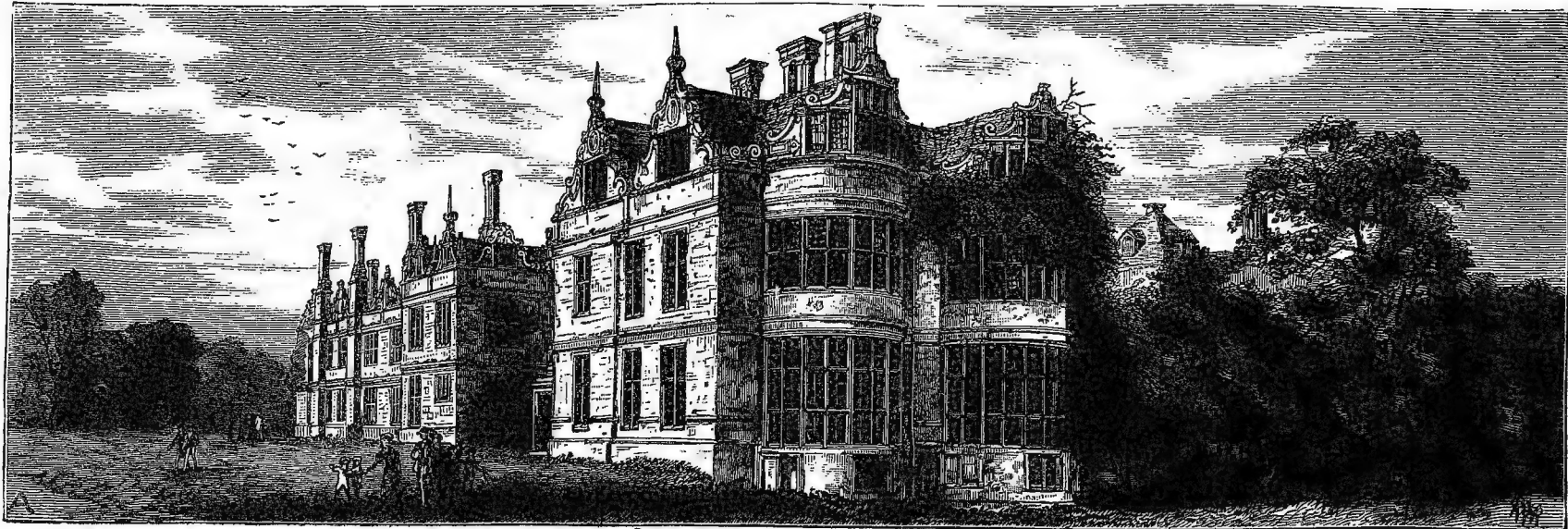
Mr. Hatton



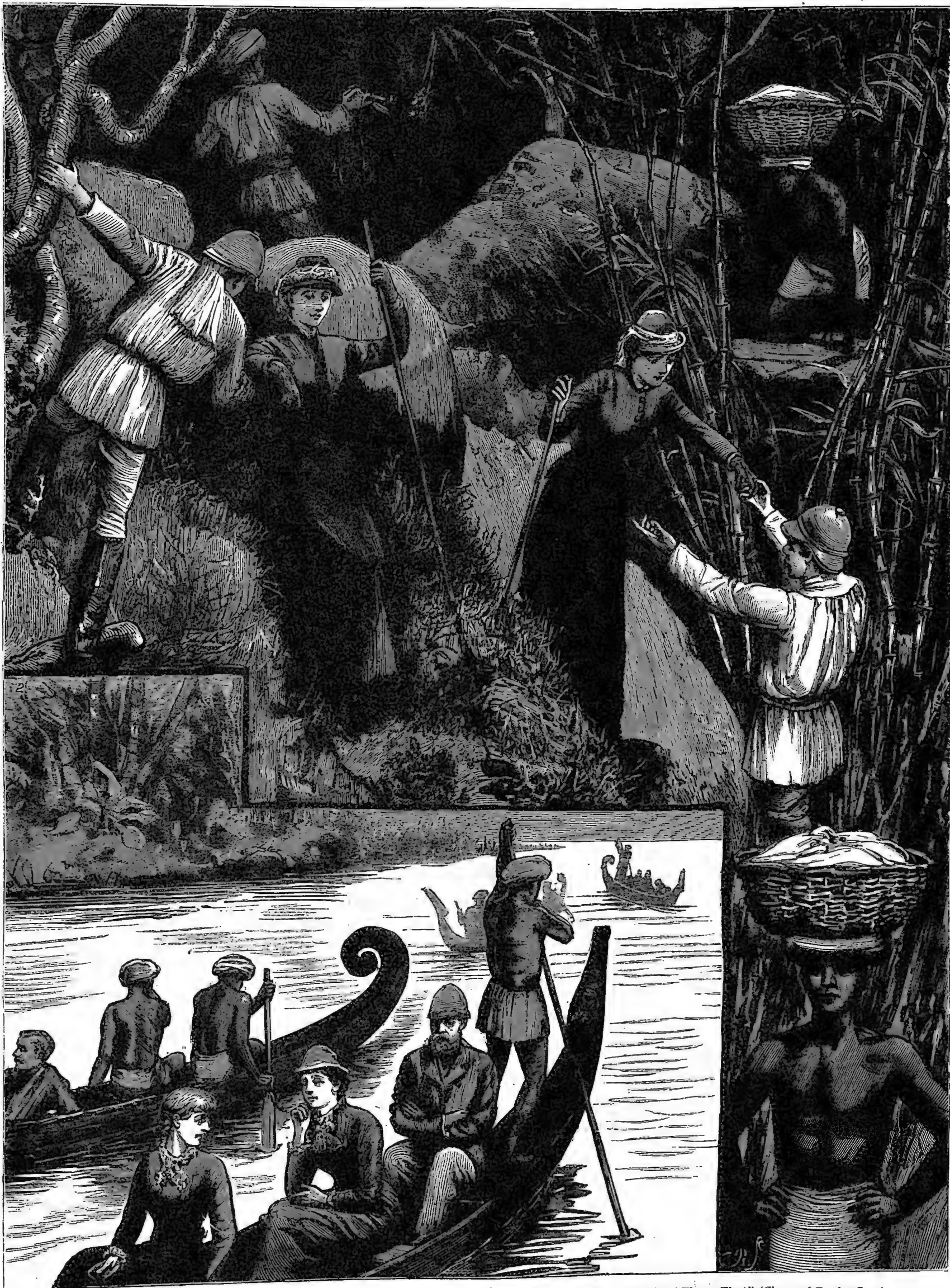
SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON
From an Original Painting



THE INNER QUADRANGLE



THE LIBRARY FRONT



1, Going to a Jungle Picnic: A Short Cut Down a Nullah.—2. An Evening's Canoeing on a Travancore River: "Thi Thi Thugar Tha!" (Chorus of Boating Song).

LIFE IN SOUTHERN INDIA

Pine woods were frequent on the hills on this side, also dead and withered apple trees. Now we pass two small towns, with old red sandstone castles above them. These, our driver says, are Fechenbach and Reistenhausen. And now we come to a pretty peaceful little town, charmingly placed on this side the Main with an old red ruin on the wooded hill above. This is Freudenberg, and when we drive up to the Rose Inn a venerable white-haired old man with pale blue eyes comes out, and greets us so kindly that, although we have lunched on our way, we feel obliged to go in and order soup and wine, both of which prove excellent. The bedrooms, too, look comfortable, and we decide that it might be quite possible to stay for a few days at Freudenberg.

The town is very original, and the way up to the Castle is through a romantic wood. Every now and then we get peeps of the river through the trees. When we reached the old donjon tower, to which we had to climb some very steep steps, the view was beautiful.

Between Freudenberg and Miltenberg the road follows the river, and the way is so full of charm that it was quite a surprise to find ourselves entering a street through an arched gateway with a tower overhead, and to hear that this was Miltenberg.

We were set down beside the church in a large open space, with a fountain in its midst. On the opposite side, going up hill, is a wonderful half-timbered house, with little balconies of flowers, and a two-storied quaint bow-window. On the other side of this up-hill street is a still quainter house, plastered, with traces of fresco, a corner oriel, is supported on wooden brackets; tapestried all over with creepers. Beyond is a red archway, stacks of wood beside a pump shaded by a large tree, and then houses rising one above another up the hill, with the Castle above all.

Turning on our left we saw in the High Street a gabled house, with the date 1623, and an elaborately carved wooden front. In the middle was a remarkable two-storied oriel window.

Farther on we came to a wonderful old inn, the Reise—unhappily restored till it has a modern aspect. Then we turned back along some higher ground, which led us by a most charming road to the old Castle, while the view of the Main all the way was delightful. The old Castle is picturesquely placed in a park, and commands a view which cannot be easily forgotten. Then we found our way down between the two quaint houses to the church, and thence to the railway station. The walk between the town and the river is beautiful and full of pictures. It is a pity that Miltenberg is rather out of the way, though it is easily reached from Aschaffenburg. It is a clean, attractive little town, exquisitely placed beside the Main, and from it delightful excursions may be made through other parts of the Spessart.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID



MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—As a useful and valuable addition to the musical library, as well as a pleasing remembrance of one who was universally beloved, respected, and mourned, "The Collected Works of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort" will meet with a warm welcome at home and abroad. To musicians in general the Prince was a kind and steadfast friend. His musical talents as a composer and a performer were of no ordinary type; many of his compositions are already well known, foremost amongst which is the hymn tune, "Gotha," which is popular in every church and chapel all over Europe. Those of the Prince's admirers to whom the price of this handsome volume makes it unattainable must bide their time until a popular and cheaper edition is published, which we hope will soon be the case.

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MISCELLANEOUS.—Very strikingly got-up and original in design is "Christmas Morn," a musical narrative, written by Henry Hersee, music by J. Burgmeier; and the most important of the three illustrations are by Alfredo Edel (Messrs. Ricordi).—A very showy piece for the piano, by Arthur E. Klitz, is "The Gnome King," which well merits its name (C. Jefferys).



WE are to have an early, gay, and long season; but as yet our shops are carrying on sales before producing their new Spring goods. With due care and judgment these sales may be turned to great advantage, especially in replenishing our under-linen as amply as possible, for after this month the calls upon our allowances will be for outward adorning, and many of us will find it hard to meet the demand. Talking of allowances, our contemporary, *The Queen*, gives two excellent hints for folks whose incomes are limited. One of the drawbacks to wearing *lisse* trimmings at the throat and wrists is that it crushes so quickly. "Instead of tacking it into the dress, mount it on a piece of black ribbon and pin it in; cuffs of black ribbon, about three inches deep, on which the *lisse* may be tacked, can be taken off when the hands are to be washed, or a cloth

jacket put on." The other bright idea is to cut off the tops of twelve-buttoned gloves and stitch them neatly on to two or three-button gloves; for we all know that the tops are often quite fresh and clean, when the hands are split or stained; it is easy to hide the joins under bracelets and bangles.

It is well to have a useful house dress at this season which will combine lightness with warmth. We have before us some patterns from a firm, the *specialité* of which is Indian and Japanese fabrics. "The Umritzur Cashmere" is exactly suitable for this purpose. It is made in all the artistic shades, dark and light, and so soft, that it takes the gatherings, which are still so fashionable, very smoothly. For tea-gowns, "Indian Corah Silk," which is soft and washes well, combined with "Mysore Printed Silk," has a very excellent effect; whilst for dinner and evening toilettes, a foundation of black or white "Rumchunder Silk," draped and trimmed with "Mysore Gold-Printed Silk," is very elegant. The merit of these Indian silks is that they are not only inexpensive and pliable, but also made of pure materials.

Shot velvets of as many as eight different colours, trimmed with cream or sulphur-coloured lace, have a very gorgeous effect, but tread dangerously on the verge of vulgarity. Browns of every hue from the darkest to the lightest Russia leather shade are worn not only for morning toilettes, in velvet, poplin, brocade silk and satin, but in tulle and gauze, figured and outlined with gold or silver thread, minute pearls, or bronze beads. The most fashionable colours for evening wear are pink of a delicate shade, pale gold, and dark ruby.

One investment we may safely make, and that is in lace, which is, and will be, the favourite trimming of the season. "Mauresque," "Blonde de Grenade," and Grecian lace are the newest and certainly not the most expensive of their kind; the variety recently shown to us at a well-known lace firm was endless. A very elegant lace "wrap" (if that name may be applied to so delicate a fabric), for wearing to and from the theatre or ball, is "The Andalous," a hood and scarf combined, which is so becoming that it is often kept on the whole evening under the plea of "a slight touch of neuralgia," or "a dreadful draught from somewhere." This head-dress is made in "Mauresque," or Spanish lace. For very chilly personages a pretty hood and cape of Spanish lace, lined with a bright colour, is worn. Equally stylish is a suite of Grecian lace, pelerine, muff, and cap, pleated in row upon row, and relieved here and there by a bright-coloured plush bow. Very *distingué* and suitable to any figure is the black Spanish lace Polonoise, made either simply draped or with small paniers. The most appropriate under-dresses, to be worn with heavy-patterned laces, are deep crimson or gold-coloured satin. We must not omit to mention the dainty little cambric handkerchiefs, with coloured kilted edges, to be worn in the breast-pocket.

At another well-known lace firm we were shown a very pretty design for a young girl's headress (styled "The Mascotte"), especially when the short curls are inclined to be rebellious. It is made of a band of velvet pointed on the forehead, edged with pearls on each side; for young matrons rows of lace for a crown, and a tuft of marabout feathers are added, whilst for elderly matrons the crown is made of velvet, pearls, and ostrich feather tips. This speciality is equally becoming for all three ages.—For morning wear caps are superseded by soft muslin Alsatian bows, from which folds of muslin are carried and fastened under the hair at the back. Combs headed with flowers are very popular with young people, a spray for the throat to match is *de rigueur*. Circular fans of satin and lace, with a flower or bird in the centre, will prove a very acceptable valentine.—The *Medecis* ruff in satin and lace is very becoming to slender figures, but should never be worn by people with high shoulders and short necks.

We often wish to make a stylish appearance at the theatre or concert-room, and have but a few minutes to spare to prepare for our unlooked-for gaiety. It is well to have a bodice ready for such occasions which may be worn over any plain skirt. For a slight figure a jacket bodice of black plush, with puffs at the shoulder and elbow, slashed with gold or pink satin, a stomacher of satin, embroidered in gold, and a *Medecis* collar produce all the effect desired. For full figures the coat bodice of moiré or striped silk, with large flat lace collars, or a soft tulle pelerine, are the most becoming.—A very pretty method of trimming ball dresses of diaphanous materials is with a long trail of flowers, which start from the left shoulder, cross the hip, and are fastened under the draperies of the skirt, which is made with puffs and lace *à l'ibitum*. The leading houses in Paris are making long waists, scanty skirts, small paniers, and plain trains; the only fulness is below the waist, which, with a puff at the back, makes the waist look small. Tournures are decidedly fashionable, it is no use to deny this fact; we can only advise our readers to avoid exaggeration, and to wear the most graceful form of these ungraceful, ironically called "dress improvers."

Young girls in Paris affect great simplicity. They wear short costumes of Madras muslin, Nun's veiling, or gauze; the bodice *à la vierge* and puffed epaulettes on the short sleeves; three rows of silver or gold ribbon are worn round the head; the only extravagance indulged in is a bouquet of real flowers for the corsage. The fashionable blossoms are wallflowers, Christmas roses, magnolia, heath of every shade, white and coloured lilac, anemones, mimosa, and pansies of every variety, together with lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns.

A very pretty dress was worn at a recent wedding. The round skirt was of pale gold-brocaded satin, over which was a tunic of olive-green plush, gathered slightly below the waist, draped on one side with small pleats fastened under a long square train, which was lined with gold-coloured satin. Another dress was of grenat-coloured velvet open in the front over a petticoat of sulphur-coloured lace, pleated very closely in rows falling one over another, the capote muff and fichu to match. Spanish lace mantillas are much worn at weddings and on other dress occasions over velvet costumes.

A very pretty style of hair-dressing, called "The Medallion," has just been brought out by a fashionable coiffeur. The hair is plaited, and, by means of combs specially made for the purpose, is arranged either low down in the neck or high up on the head, according to the taste of the wearer. This style is very becoming to a well-shaped head; the front hair is curled on the top or worn in flat bands. As we said last month, the hair falling over the shoulders unconfined is very *chic*, but most uncomfortable, excepting for dignified movements, as for dancing it soon becomes wild and tangled.

There is as yet no change in bonnets or hats; they are still worn either very small or very large. *On dit*, that a Rembrandt hat of more than ordinary dimensions was recently hissed in a theatre in New York, and not without reason, as it obscured the view of the stage from those who sat behind it. Small bonnets, in fact mere head-dresses, are suitable for the theatre.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

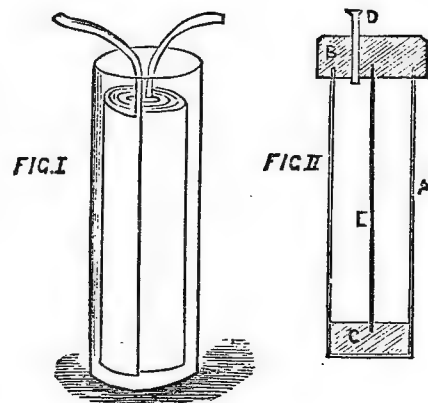
SINCE Sir W. Thompson published in *The Times* his glowing account of the box of electricity which had reached him at Glasgow, and had afterwards given up the electricity with which it had been charged many hours before at Paris—the public have become familiar with the term "storage of electricity." It would be interesting to know what the average non-scientific reader understands by this so-called storage. He would probably have been led to believe that a means had been found of securing "the subtle fluid" in a box, just

as gas is confined in a gas holder, or as water is held in a cistern. A few remarks upon the history of this question of storage will show that it is no new discovery, and will also prove that the term "storage of electricity" is of a somewhat misleading character.

Soon after the discovery of the voltaic pile the subsequent discovery was made that the current from it could decompose water into its constituent gases. It was also found that the wires, or electrodes, used for this decomposition would of themselves—when released from their work—give off a transient current in the opposite direction to the primary current. In all batteries afterwards invented this reaction manifested itself, and is now well understood by electricians under the term, polarisation. Indeed it has always been the aim of experimenters to reduce this action to a minimum in consequence of its opposition to the primary current. As long ago as 1803, Ritter, of Jena, tried to turn this polarisation to account, and actually constructed a secondary battery (consisting of discs of copper separated by pieces of cloth moistened with brine) which, after being charged by a voltaic pile, yielded sufficient current to give a perceptible shock. In 1842 Grove produced his gas battery, in which the gradual reunion of the two gases from decomposed water was made to furnish a powerful current. The most important advance was, however, made in 1860, by Planté, to whom, indeed, almost all the credit of the invention of the storage or secondary battery is due. His *pile secondaire* consists of two long plates of lead rolled together with strips of gutta percha between to prevent actual contact. This roll (see fig. 1) is placed in a jar of diluted sulphuric acid, and is then connected with a couple of Grove or Bunsen's cells. By continual treatment in this way a gradual change occurs in the lead plates. That by which the current enters becomes covered by a coating of peroxide of lead, through the action upon it of the oxygen liberated from the acid water. This peroxide is powerfully electro-negative to the metallic lead of the other plate, and to the hydrogen accumulated by it. When the cell arrives at this condition it is capable of yielding a current. But repeated applications of the primary battery, extending over a period of some weeks, are necessary before the coating of peroxide becomes thick enough to yield the best results.

M. Faure's modification of this twenty-year-old battery consists in painting the lead plates with a mixture of acid and minium (red lead), so that the tedious process of forming the peroxide is done away with, and the battery is ready to yield its secondary current almost as soon as constructed. The action in both Planté's and Faure's cells is as much chemical as electrical, and storage of energy would be the more correct term to apply to either than "Storage of Electricity." The primary current gives rise to chemical action, which, becoming reversed (by the union of elements previously separated) manifests itself once more in the form of electricity. It must be noted that although this form of battery has been known for so long, its dependence upon a primary battery for its action (which means the consumption of so much expensive zinc), limited its use to the lecture table. The recent development of the dynamo-machine, by which it can be more economically charged, has once more brought it into prominence.

Among the many forms of storage battery which have recently been invented, one in particular is reported to give the most promising results. In a recent communication to our Royal Society, the inventor, Mr. Henry Sutton, of Ballarat, describes this battery, and in a later note received by the Society on the 3rd of last month, he gives the improved form which the arrangement of plates now assumes. Its extreme simplicity may be judged from the annexed sectional diagram of a single cell (See Fig. 2).



(A) is a flat copper case with a lid (B) of paraffined wood, and a slip (C) of the same waterproof material fitted into its bottom. In each of these pieces of wood is a central groove for the reception of an amalgamated plate of lead (E), i.e., a plate of lead coated with mercury to prevent local chemical action. Through the top (B) projects a glass tube, which serves both for the inlet of the battery solution and for ascertaining the condition of that solution, as will presently be explained.

The cell is filled with sulphate of copper (common bluestone) dissolved in water, with the addition of sulphuric acid. When this cell is subjected to a primary current, the decomposed oxygen from the solution forms a coating of peroxide on the lead plate, while the hydrogen replaces the copper salt, and metallic copper is deposited on the containing cell. As this action goes on, the solution loses its blue colour, to regain it when the operation is reversed, and when the cell is giving out the secondary current. We now understand the use of the little glass tube, through which the colour of the fluid can be seen. This colour test, shows unerringly when the operation of charging is complete. Mr. Sutton gives his invention to the world untrammelled by any patent rights, and its obvious importance will speedily cause it to be submitted to rigorous tests. To give an idea of its power, the inventor states that a cell, four inches deep by four inches internal diameter, gave a current which, for two hours red-heated an inch of wire (No. 28 gauge).

The entire subject of Storage Batteries is of course yet in its infancy. M. Planté's form has been in use for a number of years, for surgical and other purposes, where intense heat (as in the actual cautery) is required for a brief operation or experiment, but with improved forms of batteries a far wider field will be found for their employment. It may not be too much to say that the question of general domestic lighting by means of electricity would be as much hastened by the production of a thoroughly efficient secondary battery, as it would be by the invention of a perfect form of lamp, or regulator.

An old experiment, familiar to all who have interested themselves in the theories of light and colour (that of rapidly rotating a card upon which the colours of the spectrum have been painted in such proportions as to produce by their mixture the effect of a white surface) has been taken advantage of by Herr Kolbe as a means of testing colour-blindness, or Daltonism. White cards are partially treated with a certain colour, and the patient is asked to name what colour he sees as each is rapidly rotated before his eyes. In most cases of Daltonism (although no difficulty was experienced with yellow and blue) those cards which were coloured red and green respectively appeared white to the abnormal eye.

T. C. H.

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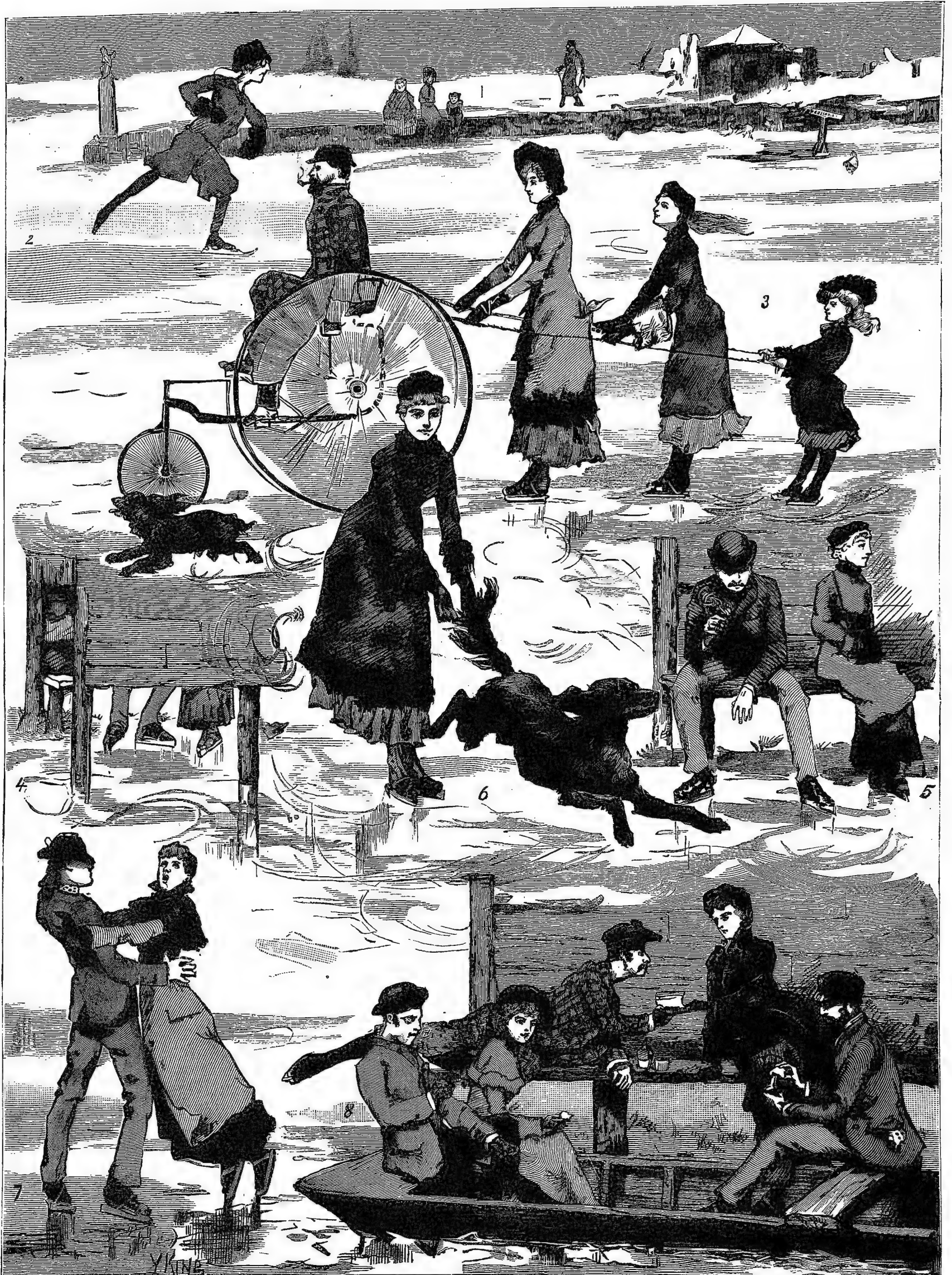
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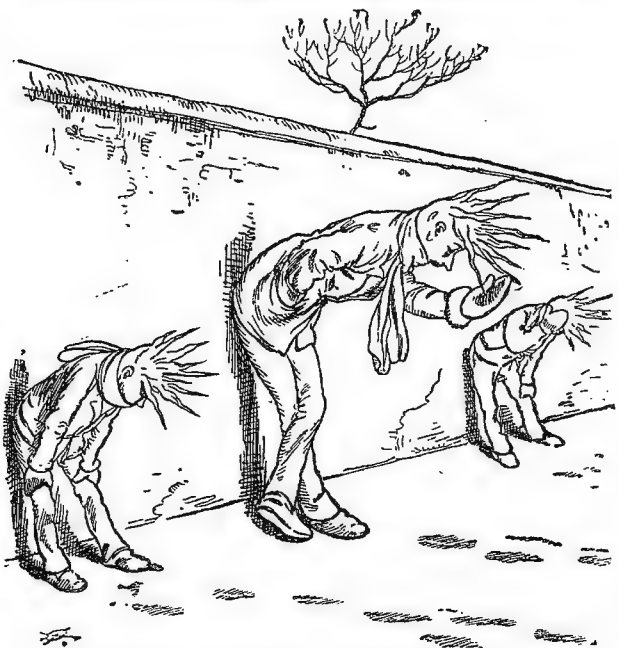


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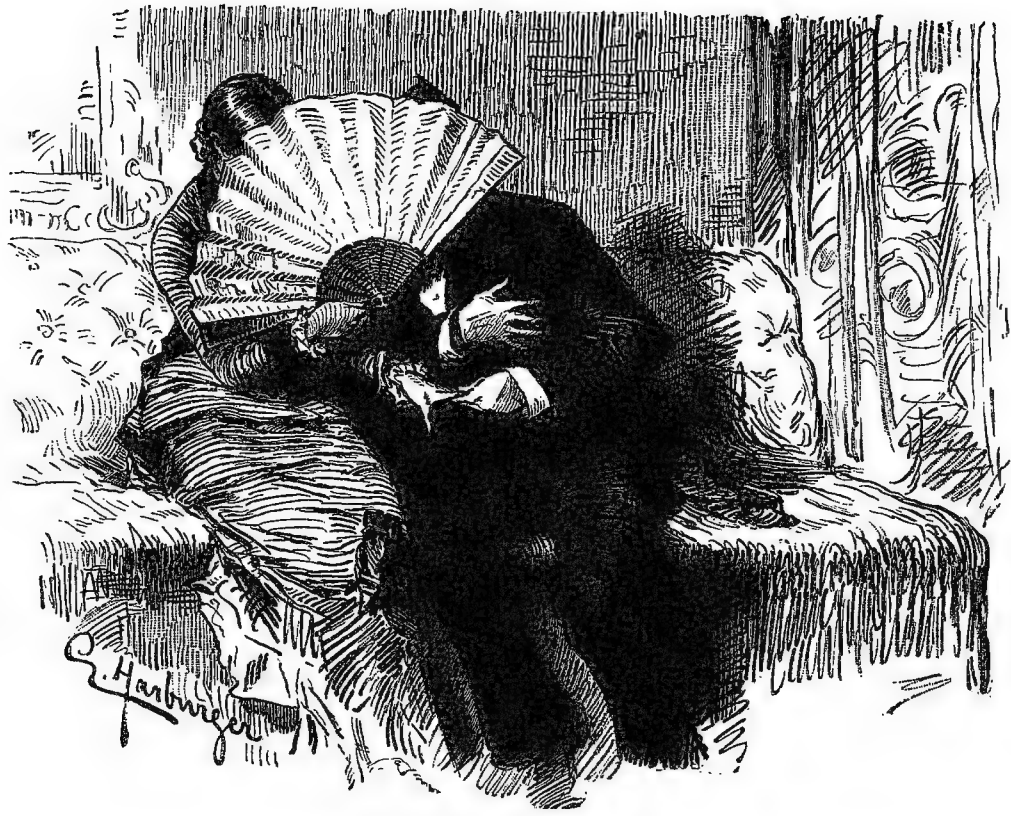


pfennig for hair cutting. Do you know what the Cobbler does when his



hair wants cropping? He and his boys plunge their heads into a pan of water in the yard, let their hair freeze, and then break it off."

PARSIMONY



THE CAREFUL MAMMA

"Now, Mr. Assessor, you may confess to me all that your heart feels. Mamma has no objection to my listening to you, she has even lent me her large fan."



THE RENAISSANCE OF THE RENAISSANCE — THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE

ART CARICATURE IN GERMANY

A YOUNGER sister of French and English comic art—*Kladderadatsch*, Germany's first-born child, is seven years the junior of our English *Punch*, and was preceded some sixteen years by the French *Charivari*, itself a successor of the earlier *La Caricature*. Art caricature in Germany within the last quarter of a century has grown like the country of her birth. In this the course of fashion has greatly aided her. Not even in severely disciplined Teuton lands can authority close the door against genial humour. And the playful caricature which most commends itself to modern taste, so wholly different from the vehement satire of an older time, disarms instead of challenging opposition. The humorist of to-day seeks rather to correct than to scold, and above all things else to entertain. And what he loses, if he loses anything, in terror-inspiring severity, he gains in more general and willing recognition. He is as ubiquitous as mischief-making Puck, and unlike Puck is everywhere welcome. Wherever he comes the faults of Governments and the follies of fashion are transfixed by his nimble pencil as they pass, and straightway hung up in black and white to delight and edify the multitude. Australian *Punch* derides the ill-manners of his own legislative Assemblies, or holds up the mirror to Antipodean 'Arries in a very fair imitation of his great original. The American aims a deadly shaft at a "Boss Tweed," or unmasks the Southern "carpet-bagger," as neatly and with as much good humour as *Charivari* limns a huge Gambetta heading a troop of microscopic colleagues, or *Punch* the Sphinx-like mystery of the late Lord Beaconsfield, or *Kladderadatsch* the imperious frown and the three hairs on the bald pate of Bismarck. Nay, has not even Egypt laughed under its taxes at the Arabic cartoon of the late Khedive covering amidst the tombs while the graves on every side give up their dead, and the Muffetish heads the army of avenging spectres? But caricature nowadays is rarely so severe as this. Nations, as a rule, are proud of their great men, and if they love to ridicule their peculiarities, it is not so much from envy or dislike as from a curious sense of proprietorship and familiarity. The once well-known portrait of "the judicious bottle-holder," with straw in mouth, and a Sam-Wellerish air of careless knowingness, was quite a part of Palmerston's popularity. Gladstone, Lord Derby, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Bright have rarely to complain of personal animus in the artist. The courtly mien of the elegant Count Andrassy, the saturnine visage of the silent Moltke, the imposing bulk of Bismarck, the hob-nailed shoes of Signor Sella are amusing even to the objects of the caricature. No doubt in times of general license, or when popular feeling is somewhat deeply stirred, satire displays a tincture of its ancient venom. The favourite caricatures of the *Deutsche* and the *Commune* were often unrepresentative to fastidious eyes. The extravagances of Irish disaffection and the revolts of subject races have more than once been handled by our own *Punch* with greater vigour than generosity. The misfortunes or the successes of powerful States continue still to excite among their neighbours a sarcastic humour which is rather ill-natured than clever. But genuine malice rarely now inspires the artist's pencil with persistent motive. Only, perhaps, in the long-standing war abroad between the Priesthood and Free thought does caricature habitually exceed due limits, and even then the offended party has rather to complain of its irrelevance than its personality.

The caricature of manners and of fashions is still more different from that which amused our grandfathers. Once on a time, for a caricature to be effective, it was almost essential that it should be ugly. Gillray and Rowlandson are quite repulsive in their distortions of "the human form divine," and in their fierce, and not too cleanly, vehemence. The caricaturist treated his victims as so many criminals, and set them, so to speak, in an artistic pillory. Du Maurier and Tenniel give us types of male and female beauty, with just enough of comic humour to make us laugh. And the laugh is only a little broader than the smile with which we recognise in Landseer's pictures the wonderful humanity of the dog. The older caricaturists drew, in fact, for the tavern and the club-room; the modern for the *salon* and even the *boudoir*—in England and Germany almost without exception; in France and Italy only less so, because the French, and, following French example, the Italians, take their subjects in preference from the less healthy side of modern fashion, and revel, as they do upon the stage, in the misfortunes of the deceived husband, or the flirtations of the *gandin* and the *cocotte*.

For this modern caricature of domestic manners the solid *gemüthlich* Teutonic mind has naturally a strong affinity. The type it loves, though somewhat more homely than finds favour here and too mildly flavoured for Parisian tastes, leaves ample scope for the display of comic power. The German, indeed, has never been lacking in a sense of humour. It has been perhaps rather his art which made default. Adolph Schroedter was, we think, the first modern German draughtsman who devoted high artistic talent to the production of light social caricatures. Ages ago the countrymen of Albert Dürer were among the ablest workers in this field of art. Of Holbein's "Dance of Death," and illustrations to the "Praise of Folly," it is unnecessary to speak. Even the sketches for the "Ship of Fools" and the grotesquely savage "Papst-Esel" were far in advance for genuine comic power of anything which at that time was produced in France. Indeed, in humour as in war, it may be said that Germany has been only making up her way. Her Art-caricature of the present day—less known in England than it deserves to be—is quite distinct from the English or the French, though more akin to the former than the latter. The broad mirthfulness, sometimes coarse but never prurient, the *bonne grosse malice* rather humorous than witty, the love of details leaving little to the imagination, the desire to draw truthfully rather than suggestively, are the same in both. Both, too, delight in a wide range of subjects; while the German, like the older English caricaturists, is rarely at pains to make a pretty drawing. In the marked varieties of Teutonic society, and the wide national sympathy for life in all its forms, the German artist is, indeed, specially advantaged. The culture and the cosmopolitanism of Berlin, the Saxon homeliness of Leipzig, the *chic* (a little of the provincial sort) of Stuttgart, and the rough heartiness of Munich make each the representative of a special type. In France all savours of the Boulevards and the Bois. Even the rustics—the *bons Auvergnats* and *Bourguignons*—seem for the most part to speak and move, not as they are, but as the Parisians picture them. In Germany all bear the distinctive mark of their own province.

To *Kladderadatsch* among German comic papers must be assigned the hazardous distinction of coming nearest to the *Charivari*, though there is a prosaic hardness, even in the cartoons of Wilhelm Schol, which falls somewhat short of the airy grace and inexhaustible fancy of the lamented Cham. But *Kladderadatsch* is above all things political, and German politics are too little known abroad for its caricatures to be always appreciated as they deserve. Bismarck, it is true, we know, and Moltke. But Richter (von Hagen), Lasker, Windthorst, Eulenberg, are names to which we attach little meaning, and certainly figures which only a few can identify. The same general ignorance is equally prejudicial to the amusing *Figaro* of the Austrian capital. Who possibly can tell Count Taaffe from Clam-Martinitz, or either from the Minister Hohenwart? It is otherwise, of course, where international politics supply the theme. We could all understand the (to Berliners) exquisite joke of a boxing-match between John Bull and a stalwart Zulu, while an Afghan in the gallery mutters to himself: "Why did I not seek an ally in South Africa, and not among these Russians;" or the cartoon of Count Andrassy wading through a quagmire towards Bosnia, and calling out to two rustics on the bank, "You told me I should find safe

footing." To which the rustics (Bismarck and Lord Beaconsfield) respond, "You must go on now. Perhaps it will be all right;" or *Figaro's* vignette a year ago of Greece as a very naughty little child, screaming and brandishing a whip, with the motto, "Tremble, Europe!" And none will fail to recognise the humour of "War," and "Armed Peace," as two wrestlers for victory, while the bystanders doubt which is the worse evil of the two; or of Bismarck as a fatterer of geese for *pâté de foie gras*, forcing unpalatable measures down the Reichsrath's throat—"Friss vogel, oder stirb!" "Eat, bird, or die."

On the whole, however, the humorous delineations of scenes from social life are much the most amusing, as well as the most harmless. And in this branch of comic Art the Munich school of caricature, of which our *Fliegende Blätter* is the acknowledged representative, must claim, we think, the foremost place. At Berlin there is a tone of metropolitan superiority, which does not care to go very far afield in search of humble *genre* subjects. At Vienna, again, we catch a breath of Parisian prettiness and naughtiness. We feel that we are in a city of carnivals and masked balls—of a *demi-monde* and a *jeunesse dorée*. At Munich we find the German "Michel" in all his unadulterated simplicity—a man of homely wit and of loud laughter, easily amused and readily deceived, trusting or sly, rough or mild-mannered, as the humour of the moment or (in Bavaria) the number of beer-glasses he has emptied may determine. The wit is not always of the subtlest, nor are the personages invariably "types of beauty." The lords of creation are oftener than not red-nosed broad-shouldered, paunchy, rough-haired men, and their wives in every way meet helpmates for them; while even the *güldige fraulein* and the "sonsie" *mädchen* seldom rise in the scale of beauty beyond a reasonable degree of modest comeliness. The situations, too, are generally of a homely kind, with a strong tendency to practical jokes. But they are almost infinitely varied, and are often rendered with a most contagious humour. Bechstein's "Dresses à la Mode," for instance, are almost as good, and in conception very much resemble the familiar treatment of the same theme in *Punch*. Sketches in outline after the fashion of a school-boy's first attempt at figure-drawing are very common, and, as a rule, wonderfully full of life. But perhaps the Munich caricaturist's strongest point is his skill in depicting animals which move and act with the most comical resemblance to human beings, or simply exhibit themselves after animal fashion in a variety of absurd positions. Karl Stanber's grotesque hunting scenes and Oberländer's animals are undeniably good.

The sharp lines of demarcation drawn in Germany not only between different classes of society, but even between different professions, with the strong individuality thus imparted to each type, make easy work for the caricaturist. The absent-minded professor and the methodical Regierung's-Rath, the beer-drinking student and the holiday tourist, the Jew of fashion or of low degree, the commercial aristocrat and the plodding Bauer, the soldier and the serving-man, the Wild-dieb and the mendicant, alike supply material for laughter. Types too familiar to Parisian caricature are oftentimes conspicuous by their absence. The *demi-monde*, if it exist at Munich, is not acknowledged as a social feature by its artists. The *concierge* seems absolutely unknown. The *gamin* is a mischievous boy, like the naughty lads of our illustration, who take advantage of the cabman's slumber to unfasten the traces, and not the demon of Parisian streets, the precocious Diogenes, cynical and blasé, who criticises all things, and believes in none. Herr Bechstein contributes more than one example to our gallery. In one he aims his satire at the gigantic cravats, which seem as though all the dress beside were simply to support them; in another at the unmanageable train, which the clumsy suitor of Fraulein Augusta will in the next second sever from her mother's dress, or which the Frau Baronin drags behind her, as she advances to receive some fashionable friend, in happy unconsciousness that her two-year-old child is seated thereon, as on a car of triumph, ludicrously flourishing a whip. Elsewhere he draws the Rembrandt hat, too large to go into the carriage, turn it how you will, and so perforce carried as a parcel on the roof; or the masculine ulster and its wearer now standing motionless before a district pillar-box, while the near-sighted professor posts his letter in her side pocket; now startling the Father Confessor of a convent of nuns into the anxious inquiry, "Who is this young gentleman in the visitor's room?" "My youngest sister, Father."

South Germany, as another of our engravings shows, has been visited, like ourselves, by the ghost of the Renaissance, and affects a taste for old pottery and wood-carving. Here is a chamber all in mediæval style, with tall slim chairs, carved presses, antique *faïence*. "But where," sings the poet, "is the busy housewife and the housewife's well-trained daughter?" These flowers of the Renaissance do not bloom again. In their stead we have here a strong-minded young woman, preposterously dressed, smoking a cigarette, and reading "Die Politik," while the room is strewn with periodicals.

Fritz, starting for his annual "Ausflug," all good-humoured simplicity and pleasant consciousness of looking for once a tourist *comme il faut*, is another favourite subject of the artist. In our illustration he is endeavouring to change a 100-mark note at a roadside *kneipe*. He will be lucky if he have not to leave his umbrella or opera-glass in pawn. In another village he fares still worse. "Come down, father," screams a girl to the keeper of the village general shop. "Come down at once; there is a lad with patterns here."

The Jew, of course, is an inexhaustible source of fun. The aged Itzig, spectacles on nose, and beard and hair in most admired disorder, watches his grandson "tidying himself for school." "Ach! grandfather," says the lad, "when I am as old as you, I shall not be worried with all this washing and combing." Further on we find Itzig, thrifty to the last, sitting down to a mess of vegetables, which even the careful Sarah had intended to throw away. He pours himself out a glass of brandy. "Eat this up, Itzig, and thou shalt have a schnapps." Slowly and reluctantly all is devoured, and the Jew pours back the liquor into the bottle. "Aha, old Itzig, I have over-reached you for once." "The son, I think, of Hon. Banker S.?" asks a stranger of a very different young Israelite midway through his teens; "Was," draws the youth. "Commerzial-Rath Baron S. is my father now." German artists are often more happy in telling a humorous story in three or four *tableaux* than in hitting off a "strong situation" in a single scene. We can recall one intensely comic misadventure of a stone-deaf and absent-minded professor, who confuses his tobacco pipe with his ear-trumpet, driving his faithful valet to distraction in his vain attempts to explain the mistake by signs; and another of a short-sighted chemist preparing a powder, with his watch upon the table. "One minute. Half a minute. Now it must be ready!" Buries his nose in the mortar. "So!" and down comes the pestle with a thump of satisfaction on the watch, whose presence he had quite forgotten!

No Munich caricature is, of course, complete without some reference to Gambirinus and his crew; for a Munich man, even in beer-drinking Germany, is the paragon of all lovers of malt and hops. "Herr Gott!" cries one, as the railway station looms in sight, "five taverns yet to pass! I shall certainly miss the train!" The military, again, but most of all the one-year volunteer and the Landwehr officers, are quite a special feature in these "flying sheets." There is little here of the *fanfaron* air of Randon's *troupiers*; little even of the professional tone of the "Tommy Atkins" of English caricature. Patient "Michel" only

wants to get his service over, and to return in peace to his farm or to his trade. It is true he is a little proud of his soldierly accomplishments. His old father comes and sees him standing sentry. To the old man's intense delight, the youth goes through the musketry exercise. "Herr Gott! what cannot the boy do?" exclaims the father, in rapturous delight. "One instant, father, and I will show you the best thing of all;" and Peter rings the alarm-bell, and brings out in hot haste the officer on duty and all the watch. In the last *tableau*, of course, we see Peter in the guard-room, adding his name to those of other unfortunates scribbled on the wall. A captain of Landwehr, on receiving the command to form his company in line, contrives to arrange them almost in a semi-circle. "Of what profession are you," roars the colonel; "not to know a straight line from a crooked one?" "Kreis-Richter" (circuit judge) is the response. A mounted officer on a buck-jumping horse sees clearly that another second will be fatal. "Right about face!" is the instant order. The men obey. There is a fall and a recovery; and ere the regiment faces round again the captain is placidly leaning over the shoulders of his steed, as though their friendship had never been interrupted. The Bauer, too, is at all times amusing. "See Seppi!" he exclaims, coming up behind a tourist who is regarding a distant Alp through a huge opera-glass, "here's a man drinking from two glasses at once." "Cultur-Bilder aus Nieder-Bayern" depict him at the tavern in three *tableaux*. In the first he has just plunged into a free fight. In the second the vesper bell is heard. Bolt upright, with hands clasped in prayer, each combatant at once begins his evening devotions. In the third the prayer is over, and the battle rages with redoubled fury.

Modern servants, modern school-children, modern furniture, are fine game for the caricaturist everywhere. The Bavarian housemaid flatly rebels against being sent on errands when there is a *Dienst-bote* for that very purpose waiting at the corner. "Her mistress cannot be a lady" to think of such a thing. The ten-year old school-girl sneers at a passing wedding. "If only everybody thought as little about getting married as myself." And the gigantic Bavarian at an afternoon tea in a house furnished in the very reverse of the Renaissance style, eyes with evident dismay the couch only a few inches high on which the hostess requests him to take a seat.

The Cockney sportsman, the "Sonntags-Jäger," is sketched in the *Blätter* with all the zest, if not with quite the subtle humour with which Daumier portrayed the *bourgeois chasseur*. But the "Sonntags-Jäger" scarcely pretends to care for sport. He only desires an "outing" and a dinner. A party of them are pieing for the hills. "Is anything forgotten—the wine—the cold pies—the cigars?" "Nothing." Suddenly the leader strikes his forehead. "Ach du Himmel! We have forgotten the guns." Of the *distrait* but methodical Regierung's-Rath, whose wife entrusts the baby for an instant to his care, and alarmed on her return to find it gone is relieved by the unexpected answer, "The baby (*das Kind*)? That will surely have been placed in pigeon-hole letter K;" of the criminal and the poacher; of that curious specimen of a Werther *redivivus* whose parting from his Laura another of our engravings illustrates; or of the countless other social types transferred from life by ready pencils to these fugitive sketches it is scarcely necessary to speak.

Briefly, it may be said that the strength of German Art caricature lies rather in variety than depth of humour—in cleverness of outline drawing rather than in originality of conception. Even the "Bilder aus dem Thier-leben"—the grotesque portrayals of animal life—seldom rise higher than ingenious cleverness. How common place, for instance, is the "Duck's Revenge"—a farmyard quarrel in several *tableaux* between a duck and a cock who steals her egg—compared with the fine inventiveness of Du Maurier's "Frog and Duck." We laugh for once over the men of Segringen in our engraving, and their contrivance for saving the hair-cutter's fees; but we do not return to them again and again as ludicrous outcomes of a mental condition we are never weary of analysing.

The legends, too, have seldom the pungent force which has turned some of *Punch's* or *Charivari's* sayings into proverbs. No German toper ever said anything so good as the Bourguignon (was it Cham or Daumier?) "They say that wine is sustaining. I have drunk thirty glasses, and yet I can scarcely stand upright;" or as the cabman's verdict on the gentleman in the gutter, evidently drunk but supposed to be in a fit, "I only wish I'd 'alf his complaint." At times, however, the German quotes one of his own poets with considerable effect. Very apt is the saying of Mephistopheles, "From time to time I see the Old one gladly," in the mouth of a pretty girl receiving a visit (and a present) from an elderly admirer; and so are Schiller's verses, addressed by Andrassy to Gortschakoff and Bismarck, "Ich sei, gewährt mir die Bitte, An euren Bundes-der Dritte."

The types of character have seldom sufficient strength to perpetuate themselves as novel creations. No portrait from barrack life has the inimitable originality of the "Tambour Major of the older French caricature—the "Tambour Major," who alas! exists no longer. On'y, perhaps, when portraying German officers, and, above all, cavalry men, does the artist aim at something higher than the mere representation of a humorous interlude—as when the fallen Uhlan, dragged by the stirrup through the streets, shouts to the civilian who tries to stop the horse, "Hold on! May not a Prussian Hussar ride as he likes?" The political cartoons are still more hard and shallow, compared with the best French and English work. A design like Cham's, in 1876—an angry sky, with clouds which take the shape of rival Powers, and France, a lady preparing for a walk, but soon determining not to venture out; "Let us stay in doors: there is going to be a storm"—would be hard to match for wit and wisdom and fitness of execution among the works of his German rival. We should, in fact, subject German caricature to too hard a test, did we compare it point by point with the best work done in France or England. In witty conceits and elegances of form it cannot successfully compete with *Punch*, still less with *Charivari* in airy subtlety, or with Italian caricature in mordant pungency. It impresses one rather as the clever work of the crack pupils of a good school of design than as a product of original genius. But in breadth of genial humour it is not easily surpassed, and its style accords admirably with the increasing tendency of the age to substitute good-tempered comedy for satire, and to employ caricature as a medium for story-telling. It is, in fact, essentially a style suited to the many-headed, and its popularity, already great, must become greater the wider it is known.



"SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN," by Lucy Phillimore (Kegan Paul and Co.).—It is not pleasant to reflect that, until within quite recent years, the lives of great English artists—whether architects, or painters, or wood-carvers, or metal-workers—have been neglected, and in most instances allowed to sink utterly into oblivion. Painters have received the best treatment in this respect; but architects and other Art-workers have been generally ignored. Even Sir Christopher Wren's life remains properly to be written; and Miss Phillimore's interesting book is, as she modestly styles it, only a contribution to that "full and worthy biography" which has yet to appear. Miss Phillimore has had access to various exclusive sources of information, notably the curious "Parentalia"—a family record

upon which all biographers of Wren must in future draw. It has always been somewhat a mystery that a mathematician and Savilian Professor of Astronomy should, with quite startling suddenness, develop into the first architect of his day, and one, too, with a commanding versatility and sense of grace and proportion rarely surpassed even by the best builders in all times; but on this point the volume before us throws little light. It is clear, however, that Wren's father was a man of no mean architectural taste and skill, and that Wren himself must have learned a good deal in a six months' visit to Paris in 1665. The book is not complete, as we have said; but there is much curious and entertaining reading in it. The author is strongly biased—politically; and in some sense her work thereby loses value; but it affords a singularly graphic picture of certain grades of life in England in the middle of the seventeenth century. A good deal of the matter thus embodied, however, has really very little to do with the main subject. We could have spared the rather voluminous details concerning Wren's uncle, the Bishop of Ely—and a remarkably High Church masterful Bishop he was—and close friend of Andrewes and Laud. In other respects, however, the book is highly acceptable: it will for one thing serve to clear up such popular errors as those which ascribe to Wren the responsibility of the Western Towers of Westminster Abbey, and the filling of his churches with high pews. The great Gothic church really owes its additions to Hawksmoor and his successors, Wren's own ideas being thus expressed by himself: "To agree with the original scheme of the old architect, without any modern mixtures to show my own inventions"—in which modest and characteristic phrase there is much wisdom that architects and restorers of to-day may profitably ponder over; whilst his distinctly-expressed wish always was that there should be benches instead of pews. Miss Phillimore pleads urgently for Wren's existing City churches, and in her plea we heartily join. It by no means follows that because popular attendance has so decreased as to render many of them expensive emptinesses, that they should therefore be destroyed, though there can be no objection to the adaptation of a certain part of their revenues to more profitable use in our overcrowded suburbs. London is not so rich in architectural adornments that we can afford to demolish in cold blood some of the most attractive works of a great and graceful genius, many of them clothed with historic interest as well as artistic beauty.

Published appropriately at the present moment, and almost in conjunction with Miss Phillimore's conscientious work, "The Towers and Steeple Designed by Sir Christopher Wren," by Andrew T. Taylor (B. T. Batsford), is of much more than passing interest. The substance of the book is an Essay which recently gained the medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which the author is an Associate. Its chief value, perhaps, is purely architectural in the technical sense, the plans and sections of some of Sir Christopher's most important works seeming more than likely to prove useful to the profession in several ways. The public generally, however, will find plenty to interest them in the sketches of the existing and non-existing towers and steeples in London and elsewhere—the views of those metropolitan examples yet standing having been drawn upon the spot—whilst the accompanying notes are concisely written, and evince no small care and research in their preparation. As a brief and convenient record of Wren's best, as well as some of his worst, examples, the book has indubitable value. The sketches, however, do not wholly realise the exquisite airy grace that is so marked a characteristic of Wren's highest efforts; though to an architect, we should say, they must always be desirable. But they illustrate the master's unusual versatility in a remarkable degree. There seems room for a thoroughly good pictorial work, based somewhat on Mr. Taylor's suggestion. There are, for instance, some very artistic and beautiful drawings—of Bow Church, at least—in the British Museum which might advantageously be reproduced.

"Bristol: Past and Present," 2 vols., by J. F. Nicholls, F.S.A., and John Taylor (Arrowsmith, Bristol; Griffith and Farran, London), is a very elaborate, weighty, and scholarly work, such as might be expected from its authors, who are respectively Chief Librarian of the Bristol Free Libraries and the Librarian of the Bristol Museum and Library. It is intended, we are told, to supply a want in local literature; all previous histories of the ancient cathedral city are out of print, and "a demand has arisen for one that should be written in a style adapted to the age." There have been at least half-a-dozen historians of Bristol, all more or less excellent and varied in style. Chief amongst them is Seyer, whose work is considered to be generally the most authoritative. All have been brought into requisition, however, their errors corrected, and much new matter introduced. Marvellously rich in Prehistoric, Roman, Norman, and Mediæval antiquities, Bristol affords materials for the historian and the archaeologist that seem almost inexhaustible, and that are as productive of quaint and contradictory surmises, theories, and arguments as they are interesting and—more often than not—beautiful. It is not, of course, possible in these columns to give even a brief sketch of the history of the city. It would occupy too much space, and moreover we have already treated the subject at length in our Supplement issued July 20th, 1878. Suffice it to say that the work, if not absolutely exhaustive, is certainly very full, and, like all good records of its kind, sheds a strong and valuable side-light on the chief threads of our national history. The two large volumes are devoted respectively to civic and ecclesiastical matters. We like the former best. It appears to be more skillfully and brightly written than the latter, which is, to our thinking, scarcely as complete as it might be, and somewhat overburdened with the conflicting opinions of various writers that are not always dealt with in the clearest possible way. The result is that the reader is often needlessly puzzled, and his ideas are a trifle misled by the clash of argument and war of words. For instance, the treatment of the Cathedral and the recent additions to it by the late Mr. Street is anything but satisfactory; in fact, it ceases to be historic altogether, and joins without any evident cause in a local dispute as to the success of the deceased architect's nave and western towers, which, by the way, do not seem to give wholly unalloyed pleasure to the Bristolians. Tastes differ, but it may fairly be said that the style of architecture of the Cathedral—late thirteenth century—is one that Mr. Street made in every sense his own, and that, whatever may be thought of the result, it is in the highest degree doubtful whether a more able and artistically sympathetic man could have been found to undertake the work. Moreover, many of the most competent judges in the kingdom have declared Mr. Street's nave to be a very great triumph, and a well-known authority has stated that, but for the new appearance of the stone, it would be difficult to distinguish the modern from the mediæval handicraft. To return, however, to the book. It is on the whole well arranged, the paragraphs being numbered, and thus easily referred to from the list of contents prefixed to each chapter. Besides this useful guidance there are also copious indexes, which seem complete, but we have not thoroughly tested them. The illustrations, too, are numerous, though most of them are, perhaps, more correct in detail than artistic in effect. A few, however, are as pleasing as they are true to fact.

There are people who amuse (or worry) themselves by taking a great deal of trouble about nothing in particular. To that mysterious band must Mr. J. F. Crowest belong, if we may judge from his unusually curious "Phases of Musical England" (Remington). Mr. Crowest has been at exceptional pains to gather up and record a number of not very entertaining facts, and still less entertaining remarks of his own, on what he calls with unnecessary emphasis "the dark side" of Musical Art in this country; that is to say, he has written some nine or ten long-winded and weary

chapters about encores and encoring, street music, pianofortes on the three years' system, and similar matters. We take it the world does not care in the least to have these objectionable excrescences of social existence deliberately embodied in a portentous-looking volume. It is quite bad enough to be bored by the frantic demands of an enraptured audience, to be driven into desperate lunacy by diabolical desperadoes who murder music in the public streets, or to be worried once a quarter by the greasy individual who has supplied us with a cottage trichord on the three years' system, without having all these horrors elaborately dished up in a very dull volume. The author's fun is deadly, his satire pointless, his statements trite, and his manner feeble; the marvel is that he was capable of finishing a task so utterly wearisome in its results.

TOWN DOGS AND COUNTRY DOGS

DIFFERENCES in the habits and characters of townsmen and country-dwellers are apparent to the most careless observer. A very little familiarity with dogs enables the lover of the canine race to discover a similar difference of traits between town and country dogs. The cynics are said to have derived their name a *canina mordacitate*, from their canine propensity to criticise men's lives and actions; but Lucian's malevolence gave them their snappish character. If the words of Demetrius, a celebrated cynic, may be trusted, they rather acquire their name from the domestic and faithful side of a dog's nature. Man should consecrate his life to virtue, said Demetrius, and, being a social animal, should regard the world as the common home of all creatures, open his conscience to the gods, and always live, as it were, in public, fearing himself more than others. Thus he encourages us to take a kindly view both of dogs and their masters while cynically philosophising.

The typical town dog is of nondescript race and vagrant habits; a loafer, now in the churchyard, now in the purlieus of the marketplace. He is generally of a dirty black-and-white colour, with melancholy visage and depressed tail, with no idea of duty, and a confirmed thief. In consequence he slinks out of the way of a policeman, as undergraduates' dogs are said to cross to the other side of the street at Oxford when they meet the Proctor and his "bull-dogs." No greater bully exists, if a strange dog finds his way to the market-place; no greater coward, should the strange dog stand his ground and show his teeth. He is the butt of all idle boys, and flies in abject terror if one pretends to pick up a stone; his gnawings at the joints of meat by butchers' doors having given him an avenging conscience. He leads a Bohemian existence, sleeping where he can, and often arousing the echoes of the empty streets at midnight by desponding howls. In him the degradation of a noble animal may be discerned; unless he were poisoned betimes, or flung over the bridge with a brick tied round his neck, his descendants would sink still lower in the social scale, and the phenomenon of packs of homeless worthless curs be seen in our streets as at Constantinople. In old days the town dog would have been sold to the vivisectionists, when society grew tired of him, and perhaps benefitted science by his death. At present, if caught in London, he is sent to the Home for Starving Dogs—a kind of canine Union—where benevolent folk provide that his latter days shall be comforted by regular meals, for which he is well content to barter liberty.

The town dog of higher rank in the canine scale is affable to man, civilised, conceited. It generally watches by its master's door, and should any hapless smaller dog pass by, delights in rushing out and upsetting it. It is cringing and tyrannical, yet cunning withal, and acquires confidence in numbers. A strange dog lately followed its master's carriage to the Town Hall of a certain provincial town. As it stood by the carriage, it was forthwith interviewed by the dogs of the little square—a large black retriever, a red and white spaniel, a nondescript Scotch terrier, and four more. Their tails curled with indignation, their eyes flashed fire; they surrounded the stranger growling; and had any one made a cut at it with a whip all would at once have fallen savagely on it. As it was, after this demonstration, each went off proudly its own way. Their behaviour was unmistakable; it said, "What a poor mean-spirited wretch from the country! Will no one heave half-a-brick at him? He dare not fight. All we have to do is to return home victorious."

On another occasion a country dog was too much for these town bullies. It had been wont as a large puppy to follow its master's carriage, and had been beaten, thrust into the kennel, ignominiously hustled by every dog of the town, the gauntlet of whose petty kingdom it had to run. At length, in sheer pity, its master left it at home for some months until it had grown much stouter and stronger. Then he once more took it to the town, and once more the bullies and tyrants of the street made common cause against it. Having now acquired strength, when it was mobbed by this *canaille*, it promptly retaliated, left one cur dead in the street, after a *mêlée* of ten seconds, and maimed one or two more, joining its master then as if nothing unusual had happened. That dog, as it might be supposed, was not again molested.

We never saw that mixture of cowardice and arrogance which stamps the town dog more quaintly displayed than when a couple of Frenchmen led a bear through the streets. The scene which ensued was ludicrous in the extreme, and would have delighted Landseer. Each dog ran wildly a step or two from its master's door in abject fear, yet much insulted at the bear's presuming to enter its haunts. Then, as if by common consent, each dog set up all its bristles, rushed wildly to the nearest lamp-post, turned its back to the unoffending bear, and howled long and fiercely at the post. None of them dared to approach the bear, muzzled as he was. Just so must the Grecian dogs have been insulted when Hercules in the myth went down to Hades and dragged up to the light of day Pluto's dog, the much-resisting Cerberus. Buffon remarks that men grow old sooner in the country than in cities. Similarly, none ever saw a city dog, however old, turning decrepit and losing the airs and graces of the canine dandy. It still takes its morning saunter, its tail curls as proudly as ever, its port is equally defiant with the youngest of its kin. But one day it is missed at its usual rounds, and is never again seen. Perhaps it is removed to some canine Olympus in the Dogstar, perhaps it is converted into gloves; it may even benefit the sausage-seller. We care not to follow it further to its happy hunting-grounds.

The town dog is a citizen of the world, and prides itself on knowing how to behave in all situations, how to treat gentlemen, tramps, and small boys. "Tis a foul thing," says Launce, "when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies." It is often more friendly with strangers than with its own master; just as a certain barrister who was walking up to the Court in a wig and gown, on being greeted by his father, who was dressed in a rustic fashion, gave him a patronising nod, and on being asked who his friend was, replied carelessly, "Only a fellow that I know." The country dog, on the other hand, has but one master, and reverences him. No dog is idle in the country; in short, what chiefly differentiates the rustic dog from his town brethren is that he has a strong sense of duty. The town dog, unless he belongs to a very serious master, makes no difference between working days and Sunday. The country dog invariably knows and respects the day of rest (like some nobler animals), by indulging on that day in more sleep than usual. He never thinks of accompanying his master on Sunday, although on other days it would puzzle his owner to escape from the house without him. Scotch collies are the most reverential of country dogs, and invariably go to kirk with their masters. Indeed kirks are sometimes estimated over the Borders as being big enough to hold twenty or so many more collies. The country dog, again, is an excellent guard to

his master's house, his suspicious feelings not being continually lulled to sleep by the number of people coming and going, as with his town brother. If he has a vice, it consists in baying the moon. Then he contrives to murder sleep in rustic solitudes as effectually as do the cats, in a town square. He has two failings; one when, being a shepherd's dog, he takes to worrying game—young partridges, grouse, and the like; the other, when grown sly and bloodthirsty, he illustrates Shakespeare's lines as being

The dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs and lap their innocent blood.

But then Shakespeare never had a good word to fling to a dog. This was the one form of life for which he had no sympathy; perhaps from his experience of men, he disliked to see what should be their virtues more strongly reflected in the disposition of dogs. Few more grotesque sights are visible in the country than the spectacle of a country dog so far forgetting its sedateness as to romp and play with one of its kind. The parson's Scotch terrier may indeed find time for such frivolity, but every other dog is too hard-worked. What the bear in the street was to the town dog is the sweeping cry of the foxhounds to his country cousins. They are ineffably disgusted, and perhaps just a little bit afraid of this abrupt invasion. For the time being, too, their services are dispensed with, and themselves slighted in the eyes of their masters, who are altogether taken up with the excitement of the sport. A wandering Scotchman playing the bagpipes is another of their pet aversions. His music is too harsh for their sensibilities. They are not so ready for a fray as their town brethren; but when they once begin they fight in earnest, like heroes of the prize-ring who "mean business." Fortunately a country dog has a thick shaggy neck for the most part, and the author of "Rab and His Friends" has taught us how their most desperate enmities may be appeased by a pinch of snuff, like Virgil's bees, *pulveris exigui tactu*. Bearing in mind the sedate character and many solid virtues of the country dog, it is with much regret that we see from the last Report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that a marked decrease of dogs has occurred this last year in the country. In what a sorry plight a town dog soon finds himself if he ventures into the country is strikingly illustrated by the unfortunate dog which annually appears on the course when the Derby is about to be run. A country dog detected in any grave fault, running after sheep and the like, meets with scant forbearance, a short shrift and a long rope awaits him. His town brother frequently escapes after some nefarious deed, with nothing worse than an avenging Nemesis in the shape of a tin kettle tied to his tail. Then he vanishes suddenly some day. That is all. Perhaps he is flung into what anglers know as the Bow-wow Pool, near the bridge, a sweet morsel for pike. When the country dog fulfils the adage that every dog has his day, he generally obtains a decent burial. The boys with whom he has romped plant dog-violets over his grave, and write his epitaph, appropriately enough, in dog-Latin.

M. G. WATKINS



"THE GARDEN OF EDEN," by an anonymous author (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), ranks high among the limited, but always popular, class of novels which deal with the artist-life behind as well as before the scenes. Althea Biron is a heaven-born singer, gifted not only with genius, but with a voice able to express her genius, and with extraordinary powers of unconscious fascination. But she is without either vanity or ambition; her song is as simple and natural a part of herself as her breath, and her genius resolves itself into filling her common womanhood with more intense colouring. At the very summit of her first triumph, her whole world consists of her very decidedly, if unintentionally, contemptible lover. She has no real place among the gross successes of the stage and concert-room; her mission is simply to sing out of the fullness of her own heart, and to influence other hearts by the inspired impulses of the hour. The conception is not of course radically new, but the writer may claim for this portraiture of the artist nature in its most ideal form, this study of hidden harmonies, a thoroughness of grasp and an adequate knowledge of outward details that leave exceedingly little to be desired. There is plenty of enthusiasm as well as of grasp and knowledge, but—marvel of marvels in the case of a musical novel—there is neither gush nor obscurity. Some passages are due to singular insight, as when we learn how the whims and caprices of a *prima donna* may possibly result from something very different from vanity. If "The Garden of Eden" be a first work from an unknown hand, its constructive skill—that arch-secret of being interesting—is no less remarkable than the fastidious, or instinctive, avoidance of every sort of extravagance or false taste in the midst of constant temptations to indulge in both of them. Most people will, we think, lay down the novel with the feeling that they have learned something worth learning of a side of human nature which has very seldom indeed been brought out of shadowland. It is written throughout on an unusually high level, and neither its merits nor its faults are to be judged as those of an ordinary novel. Of its shortcomings, the most important is a too conventionally feminine view of the male characters. Male readers, at any rate, will not regard the devotion of Althea to such a weak-minded coward as John Clifford a happy, though it may be a natural end. The marriage looks too much like the beginning of a tragedy. Another great fault is that repetitions of what are practically the same scenes lengthen the work needlessly. Nothing, the writer should learn, is good enough to be said twice over. Of course in ordinary novels, these common faults would count for nothing, any more than the Miss Broughton-like introduction of the heroine as sitting *en déshabille* in a green-gage tree. But these conventional lapses are few. The novel sets out with a graceful country idyll in which the promise is more than fulfilled by the loftier tone and style into which the story rises as it proceeds. "The Garden of Eden" will be read with interest throughout, and with pleasure till very nearly the close. We trust that it is really a first work, for writers so capable of dealing with any sort of character, or with any side of life, are few.

Mr. G. Manville Fenn's literary ability does not usually show to so much advantage, at least when exercised upon fiction, as in "The Vicar's People" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). He has proved eminently fortunate in his choice of a hero. Geoffrey Trethick is an exceedingly cool hand, with a real genius for unblushing impudence. But as his self-confidence is amply justified, and as his pluck, honour, and sense of chivalry as well as of humour are even greater than his own knowledge of them, he easily contrives to get and to hold the sympathies of the reader as he ended by obtaining those of the little Cornish mining parish where he fought, and won, a hard fight against nature and man. There is hearty vigour and a dash of originality about him which go far to make up for the want of any such qualities among his fellow characters. The old wrecker and suspected smuggler, the intensely respectable scoundrel of an attorney, the reputed witch, and so forth, are by tradition part and parcel of Cornish stories such as this, which have much to do with mines and murder. Of its kind—which is at any rate a simple and healthy kind—the story is by no means a bad example. The incidents are nearly as numerous as the pages, and are often of an unexpected character. Probabilities of all sorts are cheerfully defied, to the great improve-



This is the reason why the worthy ex-schoolmaster Suffert is always accompanied by a snow-white and a raven black poodle
THE CAREFUL TOPER'S GUIDE—IN THE WOOD



AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE



on his way home from the tavern; the one guides him through the darkness of the wood, the other over the snowy plain.
THE CAREFUL TOPER'S GUIDE—ON THE PLAIN



Laura, Laura! Sweetest Laura,
Soon thou'lt vanish from my sight.

Ah! mine eyes are wet with tears
When I see the luggage label.



"Ready!" shouts the cruel guard,
Thou art carried from mine eyes.

The train it speedeth with my Laura:
Laura's eyes are wet with tears.



DELICATE GROUND



CHARITY

GRETCHEN: "Mamma, as I pass that poor old beggar, a deep compassion fills my soul."
MAMMA: "Did you give the poor man anything?"
GRETCHEN: "Certainly, a friendly smile."



A FAMILY TUMBLE

AUGUSTA: "Get up, unhappy man! You are kneeling on Mamma's train!"

ment of a plot which would be of no account if it dealt in half measures. Connoisseurs of sensational adventures, of rough-and-ready sentiment, and of anything but subtle humour will find their tastes amply provided for, while the acquaintance of Geoffry is really well worth making.

"A Fearful Responsibility," by that distinguished American novelist, Mr. W. D. Howells (1 vol. : Trübner and Co.), is about as dull, dreary, and empty a piece of twaddle as can well be imagined. It is no doubt, after the manner of the last new sort of American fiction, an example of the art of seeming to suggest a great deal while expressing nothing at all, and just because it expresses nothing. For the rest, the reason of its existence is a mystery. It scarcely professes to have any interest as a story, so it may be unjust to blame the author for so admirably carrying out his own want of intention. But then the characters are even less interesting than what happens to them. Their one mission is to talk about hopelessly uninteresting nothings in a dismally uninteresting way. For the style, Mr. Howells both preaches and exemplifies the beauties of American language, by which he evidently does not mean the English, and thus no doubt "A Fearful Responsibility" has a certain flavour of its own which may prove piquant to some. Surely we get enough dull and flexible fiction from our own undistinguished novel-makers without going to distinguished Americans for more.

"Aunt Serena," by Blanche Willis Howard (1 vol., Trübner and Co.), is another American importation, not much better worth the making. It is certainly exceedingly harmless, and displays the orthodox view of the inherent superiority of Americans who have lived in German boarding houses, and have heard *Lohengrin* in its native land. But none of these little affectations are so new as to serve as introductions to a very flimsy little tale which has certainly no other claims to novelty. It is not interesting to learn that Blanche Willis Howard has been in Germany, and has heard *Lohengrin*. What we have said is sufficient to ascribe the novel to its proper class. As to its place in that class, it is neither better or worse than its fellows. It is just the average American sentimental little story about nothing.

KIRBY

BURIED in lime avenues in the county of Northamptonshire lies Kirby, the seat of Sir Christopher Hatton, Chancellor and favourite of Queen Elizabeth. It is the property of the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham. It was built for the Staffords, and completed for Lord Keeper Hatton by John Thorpe (the arms of the Staffords are still visible). The inner court was wrought into its beautiful shape by Inigo Jones for Lord Hatton, Controller of the Household in the time of Charles I. The court was square, and enclosed a large range of apartments. On one side was the great hall; it was panelled half the height of the walls with oak magnificently carved in quaint devices; at one end was the music-gallery. The picture gallery, 160 feet long, extended nearly the length of one side of the quadrangle, and was a beautiful room. The walls were covered with old pictures and rare tapestry, the wainscoting was of chestnut, the floor of polished oak. The chapel was beautiful, the carvings entirely of walnut wood.

To this fair palace in Rockingham Forest (of which forest the Lords Hatton were Rangers), with its double avenue of limes one side of the house, and corresponding ones of chestnuts the other side, came a goodly cavalcade one day in 1589,—no other than Sir Christopher Hatton and Elizabeth, Queen of England. Sir Christopher Hatton was her favourite statesman. He was made Lord Chancellor of England, and was the first that held that high office who was neither prelate nor lawyer; he was the unequalled dancer of Queen Bess's Court, a very good-looking man, and the owner of Kirby, a gift from his "Royal Mistress," whose faithful servant and devoted lover he was. Queen Bess graciously acknowledged the enthusiastic reception of her loyal subjects. A splendid banquet was served, after which Sir Christopher and the Queen played a game at backgammon, and then in the pride of his courtly graces my grave Lord Keeper led the dance. This over, he led his Sovereign down the slippery steps (still called by Elizabeth's name) into the pleasure among the yews, then "clipped by law," to the smooth lawn beyond, and there, where the silver moonlight shed a soft lustre over all, Sir Christopher bade his "Royal guest" a loving and tender good-night.

What is left now of a palace once so fair? Of all ruins in England, one of the saddest is that of Kirby. Desolate it now is, yet until 1836 it was a habitable house, and the sister of the present owner was born there. Since 1836 it has not been inhabited by any of the family, and Kirby has been going to rack and ruin, a process which is now all but complete. First the agent lived in it, then a farmer, and now a labourer lives in the library of one of the finest Elizabethan houses ever built. At Holmby Time has done its worst; one can look on that with calmness; but to see, as at Kirby, the very action of decomposition going on, is sad beyond words to express. A little outlay might have saved what it would now cost much to repair. Nothing is left but shreds of tapestry, crumbling stucco, the machinery of the clock which told the passage of time in Sir Christopher's day has fallen through the roof into the chapel, of the chapel nothing is left, the carving is gone, the seat where Elizabeth sat is burnt or sold. But the masonry still exists in all its firmness, not a stone displaced, the Stafford busts and the devices of fruit and flowers are as sharp as the first day they were carved. But decay has marked Kirby for its own, nothing remains of its splendour but its beautiful walls, now clothed in luxuriant ivy, its sole inhabitants are rats and mice, and the old house which witnessed the "good-night" of the Lord Keeper and Queen Bess now sleeps in a sleep which will know no awakening.

CONSTANCE HOWARD

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MESSRS. C. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., have just published two works by the same author, Mr. John Todhunter, in widely different poetical styles, and of equally different degrees of merit. "The True Tragedy of Rienzi" is a five-act drama, originally intended for representation, which, under more favourable conditions of the stage, might have secured a certain measure of success. The main incidents in the career of that extraordinary man who first dreamed of a United Italy are followed with sufficient fidelity to historic record; and if the several characters in the action do not greatly impress their individuality upon the reader's mind, it must be remembered that the author probably depended upon the actors' skill to give life to his *dramatis personæ*. There is much to praise and little to blame; Mr. Todhunter's blank verse is fairly good, though occasionally a line reads clumsily, e.g., "The old Proteus-Circumstance. Look you, I've played," and there is too great a tendency to those inversions which mar the syntax of passages without adding to their force,—such a construction as "And while Rienzi lives can die not Rome" is simply a blunder, as the line in its natural sequence would have been vastly more effective. But there are good and even epigrammatic passages, for instance, the disgraced Tribune's answer to the Cardinal Legate:

Laughter's the wit of fools;
The base man's sting; the vain man's martyrdom;
And oft the great man's herald.

And the dramatist keeps well before his audience the real causes of Rienzi's downfall, viz.: the traditional fickleness of the Roman mob, and their impatience of the taxation rendered imperative by the double dealing of Alberoz. On the whole the tragedy is a good

specimen of its class; it strikes one comically though to find a Roman crier using the Norman French "Oyez." There is not so much to be said in praise of the second volume, "Forest Songs, and Other Poems." Mr. Todhunter shows himself in his lyrics as a diligent student of Heine, of whose spirit he seems, indeed, to inherit something—witness "The Grey Man." But such poems as "A Symposium," or "Lonely Flowers," must be pronounced failures, as lacking both rhyme and, in any true sense, the compensating alliterative element which seems to have been intended. Again, if "Golgotha" and "The Modern Gethsemane" are to be acquitted from the charge of want of meaning, they can hardly escape graver censure. And when, in "The Marseillaise," the author compares Republican agitation to the war of the Titans, the logical sequence of his simile did not, perhaps occur to him, although many of his readers will trust that it may be borne out by events.

There is a good deal of unintentionally amusing matter in "Sir Hervey's Bride, and Other Poems," by J. O'Reilly Hoey (Marcus Ward). The chief piece is a rather bewildering story, in octosyllabic verse, which may remain as a monument of the proverbial "fatal facility." The author believes that "cheeks" may be made to rhyme with "breaks," and has plainly no sense of the ludicrous, or he could not have written such a passage as this:

Ah! who is he whose blood-red blade
Through thickest of the battle cleaves
Its way, beneath whose hand is laid
The foe as thick as Autumn sheaves?
I've seen that face somewhere before (*sic*)
But not amid the battle's roar.

We must confess to having no more notion who Sir Hervey was than how Mr. Hoey supposes "Agatha" ought to be pronounced; the lady's lyrical efforts and her grammar may alike be pardoned on the plea of insanity, but we should like to know if the "pensive soldier" crossed the Bay of Biscay in a balloon—because he distinctly asserts that "our vessel sails"! It is a little startling to meet with two pieces entitled "In Memoriam" and "Oriana," both in the metres originally used with the same titles by the Poet Laureate; but all is as naught compared to an effort of genius called "Florianna," from which we cannot resist quoting one of the sublimer stanzas:

Flaunting thy floating hair,
Florianna,
To cymophane most fair,
Florianna;
Rome on aura that doth, weak
With hoarded kisses, break
O'er thy seraphic cheek,
Florianna.

Mr. Osbaldestone's comment on Frank's poetry involuntarily rises to the lips on reading so stupendous a passage.

In "Little Comedies, Old and New," by Julian Sturges (Blackwood), we have a collection of the author's dramatic sketches; most of which have already received notice. *Picking Up the Pieces* would be very telling if brightly acted, and amongst the newer examples, *The Bishop Astray* has genuine humour; the book may be recommended to those in search of short plays for amateur performances.

The contents of "Children's Poetry," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" (Macmillan), are of very unequal merit. "In Swanage Bay" is about the best of the pieces, and there is some value in "The Story of the Birkenhead"—only the subject demands a real poet. We do not like the idea of teaching the young that "children" may rhyme with "bewildering," and there might be a difficulty in finding such a phenomenon as a child with a tenor voice to play Magnus in an operetta, the ending of which destroys all the point of the weird Norse legend on which it is founded. The collection will hardly make Charles Lamb or Jane Taylor to be forgotten.

Notwithstanding the volume's rather affected title, "Specimen Glasses for the King's Minstrels," by the late Frances Ridley Havergal, (*Home Words*), contains nothing striking, and will not enhance the deceased author's reputation. The papers on modern hymnology originally appeared in a religious periodical, *The Day of Days*, and were hardly worth reprinting; some familiar hymns, by authors of note, are given, but most of the pieces are by unknown writers, upon whom they are not likely to confer lasting fame.

"Sungleams: Rondeaux and Sonnets," by the Rev. Richard Wilton (*Home Words*) contains some pleasant short poems of a moral and religious tendency, of which "Sweetness and Strength" is by far the best. The antique metre is cleverly and harmoniously treated, and the final sonnets are scholarly.

An amusing volume for odd moments is "Poetical Ingeniuties," by William Dobson (Chatto and Windus), a collection of the best known English parodies, anagrams, acrostics, and similar *tours de force*. The pieces are mostly well chosen, though we could have wished at times that different examples of the several authors had been given, e.g., Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell's "Lord Jollygreen's Courtship" and Mr. Calverley's "The Cock and the Bull," which are much their best parodies. And Mr. Dobson seems rather hazy in his notions of what constitutes alliterative verse.

CANDLEMAS DAY

THE Reformation was beyond all question the most important event in the moral and religious order that ever occurred in European history, for it liberated at one blow whole nations from mental bondage, and gave to individuals the right of freedom of opinion in matters of supreme moment. On the other hand, it may be questioned whether the Reformers, in the warmth of their zeal, did not carry matters a little too far in abolishing so many of those "times and seasons" which the ancient Faith was wont to celebrate; for it should never be lost sight of that they were veritable holidays, on which, after the tribute of devotion had been duly paid, the people indulged in innocent recreation, and forgot for a while the cares and the troubles of life. Moreover, there was consummate knowledge of human nature in celebrating with pomp and ceremony the most sacred incidents, for the very methods of celebration tended to impress the story more forcibly on men's minds.

Formerly the Feast of the Purification, or Candlemas, was a day of obligation, on which the faithful were bound to hear Mass and to abstain from servile works. Since the Reformation it has ceased to be so observed by Roman Catholics, although it is still a "day of devotion" with them, and it retains its place among "holy days" in the Calendar of the Church of England. The popular name of the festival is derived from the ceremony which the Roman Church observes on this day—the blessing of candles by the clergy and a distribution of them among the people, by whom they are carried lighted in solemn procession. This candle-bearing is a reference to the words of Simeon, when he took the Infant Jesus in his arms and declared Him to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles" (Luke ii. 32). To these candles supernatural virtues were attributed. Barnaby Googe (in his translation of Naogeorgus) tells us that—

A wondrous force and might
Doth in these candles lie, which if
At any time they light,
They sure believe that neither storm
Nor tempest doth abide,
Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
Nor any devil's spite.

At the Reformation the ceremonial of Candlemas was not entirely abolished. Henry VIII. proclaimed in 1539, "On Candlemass it shall be declared that the bearing of candles is done in memory of Christ, the spiritual light whom Simeon did prophesy, as it is read

in the Church that day." And we find it noted as a custom down to the time of Charles II., that when lights were brought in at nightfall people would say, "God send us the light of heaven!" Herbert notices this custom, and defends it from the charge of superstition. We look upon the Epiphany, or Twelfth Night, as putting a term to Christmas festivities, and on the morrow of that day holly and mistletoe are consigned to the tender mercies of the housemaid. But from Herrick we learn that in his day they were allowed to remain till Candlemas eve:—

Down with the rosemary and bays
Down with the mistletoe;
In stead of holly now upraise
The greener box for show.

The holly hitherto did sway,
Let box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter day
On Easter's Eve appear.

The same poet elsewhere recommends particular care in the removal of the Christmas garnishing on this eve—

That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind.
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

Considering the importance attached to Candlemas Day for so many ages, it is scarcely surprising that there is a universal superstition throughout Christendom that good weather on this feast indicates a long continuance of winter, and a bad crop; and that its being foul is, on the contrary, a good omen. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," quotes a Latin distich in support of this idea:—

Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

The old almanacks did not neglect this day; and one of them thus partly imitates the quotation:—

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight;
But if Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

In Germany there is a proverbial expression to the effect "that the shepherd would rather see the wolf enter his sheepfold on Candlemas Day than the sun," which has a parallel in one quoted in Ray's Collection:—

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier
As that Candlemas Day should be pleasant and clear.

It is more than probable that these notions are derived from Pagan times, and have existed from a very early period. In support of this, we may quote from Martin's "Description of the Western Islands." On Candlemas Day, in the Hebrides, the mistress and servants of each family take a sheaf of oats and lay it in a basket, and lay a wooden club by it; this they call Brüd's Bed. Just before going to bed they cry three times, "Brüd is come! Brüd is welcome!" When they rise in the morning they look among the ashes, expecting to see the impression of Brüd's club, which, if they do, they reckon it a true presage of a good crop and prosperous year, and the contrary they take as an ill omen.

H. S.

NIGHT AND MORNING

THE stars stole forth like angels' eyes,
Serenely gazing on the night;
The wind arose in mournful sighs,
And o'er the Ocean took its flight.
Sigh mournful wind, thy breath unkind,
Will swell the sail of yonder bark,
And leave a broken heart behind,
On this lone shore so drear and dark.
Ah! cruel wind! Ah! woeful wind!
Stars, lend your light to aid my sight;
Alas! my tears have made me blind,
All, all is dark, 'tis night, 'tis night.

How fierce the tempest rages! Hark!
The billows climbing threat the sky;
Ah! Heaven preserve that gallant bark,
He is too young, too brave to die.
Too late, too late, ah! hapless fate,
So young, so fair, and brave,
The good ship with its noble freight
Has sought a watery grave.
Ah! cruel wave! Ah! ruthless sea!
Heaven, shed thy balm, my soul to calm,
Hushed is the storm, and changed to me
To sweet notes of celestial psalm.

The daylight dawned o'er smiling bay,
Which murmuring kissed the sunlit shore,
There, on the shell-strewn strand they lay,
Where late they met to part no more.
The winds caress each silken tress
That floats upon the briny bier;
No gentle voice is there to bless,
Or melting heart to yield a tear.
But blissful beams, eternal light,
Proclaim the dawn of fadeless morn,
Earth's night dissolves as angels bright
Greet weary souls to Heaven upborne.

LEONARD GARSTON

GERMAN FAT CATTLE must fare badly if they are fed upon such food as certain "powdered meat" lately largely advertised in Berlin. On the compound being analysed by a Munich chemist, not a particle of true meat was to be found, and the only amount of animal substance contained proved to be—glove leather.

WIDOW RE-MARRIAGES AMONG THE HINDOOS are steadily increasing; two of these ceremonies being celebrated last month in Bombay and Calcutta, while a third will take place this month in Lahore. At the Calcutta wedding the bride had been married at seven years old, and became a widow six months later.

INDIAN PRISONS are not always very formidable, to judge from the description of the gaol at Umritsur, which is constantly losing some of its inhabitants, as the walls fall down and open a way of escape. Indeed, the gaol is such a "splendid ruin" that it has been suggested to get up a hunting party there, as there are plenty of snipe and hares in the prison precincts.

THE THUMB IN CHINA is regarded as a better means of identification than the face itself. Celestial vagabonds are not photographed like British criminals, but their thumbs are smeared with lamp-black and pressed down upon a piece of paper, thus furnishing a rude impression, which is carefully kept in the police records. A face may be altered, say the Chinese; but a thumb cannot.

VIOLET CULTIVATION IN GERMANY bids fair to rival the famous floral industry of Southern France. Most of the German violets are grown at Potsdam, where several gardeners can furnish daily during the winter some hundred dozen blossoms, whilst the remainder come chiefly from Berlin, Charlottenburg, and Leipzig. By great care the Teutonic florists have managed to produce a small violet-tree about 5½ inches high. They prevent the plant from blossoming for several years, and remove the lower leaves and shoots, so that it grows upright, and assumes a palm-like form.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.

NOTICE.—The Second Edition is ready this day of **A GRAPE FROM A THORN** By JAMES PAVEN, Author of "By Proxy," &c. 1 vol., post 8vo.

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CULLETON'S Guinea Box of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order to T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn Street (corner of St. Martin's Lane).

GARDNERS' DINNER & TABLE GLASS SERVICES, free, graceful, and original designs of unequalled value. Dinner services from 21s. Table Glass Services, of the best crystal, for 12 persons, 6s. 6d. Cash discount 15 per cent. Coloured photographic sheets and illustrated glass catalogues, post free. — 453 and 454, West Strand, Charing Cross.

SEWILL'S Keyless WATCHES. Prize Medals, London, Paris, and Philadelphia. Damp and Dust Proof, 18-carat cases, adjusted and compensated for all climates, £10 10s., £14 14s., and £25 25s. Ladies, £7 7s., £10 10s., and £18 18s. In Silver Cases for Ladies or Gentlemen, £5 5s., £8 8s., and £12 12s. Forwarded on receipt of remittance. — J. SEWILL, 30, Cornhill, London, and 61, South Castle Street, Liverpool. Illus. Catalogue Free.

ÆSTHETIC. **PIESSE and LUBIN.** The Perfume affected by the Æsthetics. Dreamy of Flowers, Hoya Bella, Tuberosa, Jasmin in Unison; abstracted from them while yet in blossom. — Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, W.

PIESSE and LUBIN. **FLORIMEL OF PALM.** For the Prevention of Chapped Hands. Rough Skin, Chills, &c. Once using will convince the most sceptical that, if daily applied, too much cannot be said in favour of Florimel of Palm for rendering the skin or hands white, soft, and fair. In glass jars, 3s. 6d. — Laboratory of Flowers, 2, New Bond Street, London. Sold by the trade generally.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. The safest and most gentle aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies, children, and infants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

FLORINE! FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.—A few drops of the liquid "Florine" sprinkled on a wet tooth-brush produce a pleasant lather, which thoroughly cleanses the teeth from all parasites or decay, gives to the teeth a peculiarly pearly whiteness, and a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth or tobacco smoke. "The Fragrant Florine," being composed in part of honey and sweet herbs, is delicious to the taste, and the greatest toilet discovery of the age. Sold everywhere at 2s. 6d.

GREY HAIR restored by NUDA VERITAS to its original shade, after which it grows the natural colour, not grey. Used as a dressing it causes growth and arrests falling. The most harmless and effectual restorer extant. A trial will convince it has no equal. 10s. 6d., or all Chemists and Hair-dressers. Testimonials post free. — Wholesale Agents: R. HOVENDEN and SONS, London.

GOUT and RHEUMATISM cured by the use of DR. LAVILLE'S CURATIVE LIQUOR or PILLS. To be obtained of all respectable Chemists, price 1s. per bottle. All who are afflicted with these diseases should read Dr. Laville's celebrated Treatise. Post free, 4d. — F. NEWBURY and SONS, 1, King Edward Street, London.

BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS. THE GREAT REMEDY FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM. All Chemists at 1s. 1/2d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

MAPLE and CO., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, UPHOLSTERERS by Appointment TO HER MAJESTY.

THE LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD. **MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of BED-ROOM SUITES by MACHINERY.**

500 BED-ROOM SUITES, from 4 guineas to 200 guineas. **BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine, 5 1/2 Guineas.** **BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £10 15s.**

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, £14 14s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe, Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of Drawers, £18 18s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash, with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip-panels in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hanging), with raised centre, Duchesse toilet table fitted with jewel drawers, washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. These Suites are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel plates, 35 to 50 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES. — Chip-panels, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; large wardrobes, very handsome, in rosewood, richly inlaid; also satinwood inlaid with different woods. 85 to 200 Guineas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE free. The largest furnishing establishment in the world.

MAPLE and CO. THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF BEDSTEADS. BRASS. BEDSTEADS. IRON. BEDSTEADS. WOOD.

TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS in Stock to select from.

MAPLE and CO. — Bedsteads in Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed in stock, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d. to 30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads five guineas. Bedding of every description manufactured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The trade supplied.

MAPLE and CO. BEDDING. MAPLE and CO. Spring Mattresses.

SPRING MATTRESSES. — The Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress. — We have made such advantageous arrangements that we are enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring Mattresses at the following low prices:

3 ft. 21s. 3 ft. 6 in. 25s. 4 ft. 29s. 4 ft. 6 in. 35s. 5 ft. 45s.

MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS. TURKEY CARPETS, TURKEY CARPETS, as made in the Seventeenth Century. TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to select from.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF INDIAN, PERSIAN, and TURKEY CARPETS always in stock. Superior qualities. Purchasers must beware of inferior Turkey Carpets, which are now being manufactured and sold at best quality at so much per square yard. — MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road.

MAPLE and CO. have correspondents and buyers in India and Persia (who act solely for them) from whom they receive direct consignments of superior and first-class CARPETS of guaranteed quality. Purchasers are cautioned against large quantities which are coming forward of inferior quality, these having been made to suit the demand for cheap foreign carpets, especially Turkey. The trade supplied.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF ORIENTAL CARPETS IN EUROPE.

ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS. — 5,000 of these in stock, some being really wonderful curios, well worth the collector's art collectors, especially when it is considered what great value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which are sold at commercial prices.

A PERSIAN CARPET for Thirty Shillings, measuring about 10 feet long by 5 feet wide. 5,000 to select from. The goods are regularly imported by MAPLE and CO., and are very durable, being the best of this make. 145 to 149, Tottenham Court Road, London.

FIFTY MILES of BEST BRUSSELS CARPETS at 3s. 9d. per yard.

THESE GOODS, by some of the first Manufacturers, are of superior quality, the designs and colourings new and artistic. They are 1s. per yard under the usual price asked at the West End for the same quality.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT. — Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ORDERS FOR EXPORTATION to any part of the World packed carefully on the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., LONDON.

SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE. **Egerton Burnett's** Pure Wool Best Dyed Black Serges, as supplied by him for Court Mourning, are in great demand. A variety of qualities from 1s. 2 1/2d. to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies who have a preference for black should write for patterns direct to

EGERTON BURNETT, Woolen Warehouse, Wellington, Somerset.

BAKER and CRISP'S. THIS DAY AND FOLLOWING. ON SALE, THE ENTIRE STOCK OF W. MASTERMAN and CO., of York House, Upper Holloway, purchased at 50 per cent. off the original cost prices, viz:—

Detailed Catalogue Free. Send for Catalogue and Patterns Free. **LADIES' UNDERCLOTHING.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **FANCY GOODS and UMBRELLAS.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **HOSIERY, LACE, and GLOVES.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **SILKS, SATINS, and VELVETS.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **VELVETEENS and COSTUMES.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **BLACK and MOURNING GOODS.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **MANTLES, ULSTERS, and SHAWLS.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **EVENING DRESS FABRICS.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **FANCY DRESS FABRICS.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **WASHING DRESS FABRICS.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS.** At 10s. in the Pound Reduction. **RIBBONS, FEATHERS, SCARVES.** At 50 per cent. off Cost Prices. **FANCY ARTICLES and KICK-NAKES.** NOW ON SALE, At 50 per cent. off the Original Cost, At BAKER and CRISP'S, 198, Regent Street, London, W.

BAKER and CRISP'S. THIS DAY. The SALE of W. MASTERMAN'S STOCK. Detailed Catalogue post-free. Patterns Free. Engravings Free. 198, Regent Street, London.

200 shades of Coloured Duchesse Satin, at 3s. 6d. per yard. 8,000 yards of coloured printed Satin, plain coloured Surato, and black figured ditto, 2s. 6d. per yard in place of 3s. 6d.

400 pieces of black brocade Silk and Satin, at 1s. 11d. and 6s. 9d. per yard, all new design. 275 pieces of black Lyon velvet, in five qualities. First quality, 8s. 6d., usually 12s. 6d. per yard: the others equally cheap.

French and Indian Cashmeres and Merinos, from 2s. per yard, in place of 2s. 9d.

800 Winter Skirts, in Felt, at 5s. 9d., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d.; in Striped Vincy, at 6s. 9d., 8s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.; and in Quilted Satin from 21s.

30 Warm Costumes, specially made from fine English Wool, 33s. each. All Silk and Material Costumes considerably reduced in price.

Four Cloaks, Seal Jackets and Mantles, much under value. Buddha Shawls, square, from 16s. 6d.; long ditto, 31s. 6d.

20,000 yards of Black Brocade Grenadine from 1s. 6d. per yard; 60 Black Embroidered Cashmere Polonoises, unmade, from 38s. 6d. each.

Several hundred dozens of French and Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs, marked very cheap. Gentlemen's Cardigan Jackets, with silk sleeves, at 35s. 6d., usual price, 35s. 6d.

Hand-made socks, 27s. per dozen, regular 42s. 250 pairs Madras Curtains, at 12s. 6d., usual price 16s. 6d. 350 pairs White and Ecru Guipure Curtains, 12s. 6d. and 16s. 6d.

Several patterns of Table Linen at very low prices. Star Honeycomb Quilts at 5s. 6d. and 6s. 9d. Brussels, Tapestry, Indian, and Turkey Carpets all lessened in price.

MADAME ELLIOT makes up DRESSES stylishly and fits elegantly. — 8, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street.

MADAME ELLIOT'S CORSETS. Splendid shape. French and English make, 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 21s., 30s., 42s. To avoid delay, send size of waist and P.O.O. for the amount. Corsets exchanged if not approved. Corsets made to order. Also Corsets made for every figure, embonpoint, deformities, curvatures, spinal complaints, &c. Also Specialities in Ladies' Trimmings, Tournure, Toupes, Crinolinettes, &c. — 8, Great Portland St., Oxford Street.

BEAUTIFUL TATting, made by poor gentlewomen, four yards for 18 stamps. Patterns sent.

Also Read: Modern and Spanish Point Lace, Honiton, Guipure d'Art, Iris Crochet, Embroidery, &c. Orders earnestly solicited. Address, Mrs. GREEN, 22, Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.

Collars, Sleeves, Sets, Chemisettes, Apron Trimmings, Caps, Butterflies, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Bodice and Skirt Trimmings, Antimaccassars, D'Oyleys, &c. Fancy Work for Bazaars.

LEWIS'S Contains Bromine and Iodine, the vital, refreshing, and health-giving principles of seawater. A most valuable remedy for all eruptions of the skin, pimples, blotches, &c.

IODINE Braces and Invigorates enfeebled constitutions, gives a healthy glow to the skin, stimulates every organ of the human frame, and is a grand substitute for sea-bathing.

SOAP. — For Hot Climates it is invaluable, quickly curing prickly heat, and skin disorders. Price 6d. and 1s., of JAMES LEWIS and SON, 12, Old Bond Street, London.

THROAT AFFECTIONS AND HOARSENESS. — All suffering from irritation of the throat and hoarseness will be agreeably surprised at the almost immediate relief afforded by the use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches." These famous lozenges are sold by most respectable chemists in this country at 1s. 1/2d. per box. People troubled with a "hacking cough," a "slight cold," or bronchial affections, cannot try them too soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress, result in serious pulmonary and asthmatic affections. See that the words, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp around each box.

PARR'S PARR'S LIFE PILLS Will keep people in vigorous health, and make them cheerful and hearty. They are unrivalled for the cure of sick headache, indigestion, loss of appetite, impure blood, and all the disorders of the stomach, liver, or general derangement of the system.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and in Family Packets, 1s. each.

DREDGE'S HEAL ALL A CERTAIN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, CHILBLAINS, SPRAINS, AND LUMBAGO. Sold by all Chemists. Price 1s. 1/2d. per bottle.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON. for CONSTIPATION, BILE, HEADACHE

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON. A LAXATIVE and REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE. Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON. 2s. 6d. the box, stamp included. Sold by all Chemists and Druggists. Wholesale, E. GRILLON, 66, Queen St., London, E.C.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Dr. J. C. Browne (late Army Medical Staff) discovered a remedy, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the Sole Inventor, and it is therefore evident that, as he has never published the formula, anything else sold under the name of CHLORODYNE must be a piracy.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — All attempts at analysis have failed to discover its composition.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. — Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that "had been sworn to." — See the Times, July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a Liquid Medicine which assuages pain of every kind, affords a calm and refreshing sleep WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the Nervous System when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. COLD, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, ASTHMA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. Extract from the Medical Times, Jan. 12, 1866. "Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. From Surgeon Hawthorne, Henry Street, Banbridge, Ireland. "I have been in the habit of prescribing your preparation of Chlorodyne pretty largely these last three months. I have invariably found it useful, particularly in the latter stages of Phthisis, allaying the incessant and harassing cough; also in Chronic Bronchitis and Asthma."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. CHLORODYNE most effectively relieves those too often fatal diseases, CROUP and DIPHTHERIA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the great specific for CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he had received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that Cholera had been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE." — See Lancet, December 31, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. The General Board of Health, London, reports that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

FROM SYMES and CO., Pharma- ceutical Chemists, Medical Hall, Simla. — January 5, 1880. To J. T. DAVENPORT, Esq., 3, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

Dear Sir, — We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly-esteemed medicine has earned for itself not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility, we much question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances ad infinitum of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhoea and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general sedative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Choleraic Diarrhoea, and even in the more terrible forms of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we owe to the profession and the public, as we are of opinion that the substitution of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the chemist to prescriber and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours, SYMES and CO. Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain. His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. rapidly cuts short all attacks of EPILEPSY, PALPITATION, SPASMS, HYSTERIA, COLIC.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the true palliative in NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE.

IMPORTANT CAUTION. Every bottle of genuine CHLORODYNE bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Inventor, DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell Street, W.C., Sole Manufacturer.

LEATH and ROSS'S COLUMN. **WE DO NOT KNOW ANY** REMEDY SO EFFECTIVE as NEURALGIA in all cases of Nerve Pains. The following testimonials are at once a security to the public and a gratification to ourselves. Mr. G. D., of Co. Meath, writes, "Having been troubled for ten years with Neuralgia, I tried your Neuraline, and got relief after a few applications."

A SINGLE APPLICATION OF NEURALINE not uncommonly cures Nerve Pains of the most protracted and agonising kind, while it in most cases effects a permanent cure, and in all gives certain relief. Mrs. W., of Moyston, writes, "My daughter has derived great benefit from Neuraline in a case of severe and long standing Neuralgia." "I have recommended your Neuraline to many." M. C., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.

THE GREATEST SUFFERERS from NEURALGIA or any Nerve Pains can obtain immediate relief and permanent cure by using the approved remedy, NEURALINE. "The bottle of Neuraline was perfectly marvellous, giving instantaneous relief from pain when most acute." — J. R. B., of Ballymacool, Letterkenny, Ireland.

"THE INVENTOR OF NEURALINE DESERVES A NATIONAL REWARD." So says J. S. L., of Kilmurree, Cardigan, S. Wales, in a letter to the proprietors of NEURALINE, the approved specific for all Nerve Pains. "It is an extraordinary remedy. It has proved completely efficacious in a case of a dreadful state, and the person is now quite well."

IT IS NO VAIN BOAST, but an assertion sustained by facts and the increasing demand from all parts, that NEURALINE, as a remedy for all Nerve Pains, has no equal. Sufferers from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, or associated disorders of the nerves should use Neuraline. "Mrs. Jermy Pratt requests two bottles of Neuraline for herself, and one for Mrs. N. L., of the Vicarage, Elmhurst, East Dereham. Her maid was relieved of Neuralgia through Neuraline."

NEURALINE SHOULD ALWAYS BE USED for Nerve Pains. It gives instantaneous relief, and the greatest sufferer need not despair. A permanent cure is effected, and complete freedom from agony ensured without delay or difficulty. Mrs. T., Trinity Vicarage, Carlisle, writes, "I have recommended your NEURALINE in at least a dozen cases with perfect success."

NEURALINE, THE BEST AND SPEEDIEST SPECIFIC, curing all Nerve Pains, has received general approval. Mrs. M., of Lesbury Vicarage, Northumberland, writes as follows: "Mrs. M. will thank Messrs. LEATH and ROSS to send her a 4s. 6d. bottle of NEURALINE. She states agonies from pain in the face, and the only relief she got was from the Neuraline."

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS REQUESTED to the following most important and significant extract from a letter addressed to LEATH and ROSS by the Rev. C. K., of Eversley Rectory, Winchfield: "The Rev. C. K. finds Neuraline allay the pain when everything else fails."

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS and RESTLESS DAYS altogether prevented, and relief from all nerve pains assuredly given, by the use of NEURALINE, the speediest and most reliable remedy. From all quarters gratifying testimonials are constantly being received. "Nothing gave me even temporary relief from severe Neuralgia until I tried your NEURALINE. In the time required to penetrate to the nerve centres all pain was gone, and has not since returned." J. W., 84, Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

NERVE PAINS may be said to exceed all others in severity, and equally true it is that no remedy for them is so effective and speedy as NEURALINE. C. H. Irving, of Mansion House Buildings, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., writes, "I have tried most advertised remedies for Neuralgia, but without relief, until I obtained NEURALINE. The pain has entirely left me, and not returned."

FROM OSBORNE HOUSE, Alderley Edge, Manchester, Mrs. F. writes to LEATH and ROSS, Homoeopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere Street, W., London, as follows: "Your NEURALINE is an excellent remedy for Neuralgia. My medical man often uses it. All the time I have been suffering from nerve pain, and at once order a supply of this best and speediest remedy, which has stood the test of many years, and is daily more appreciated."

NO REMEDY FOR NERVE PAINS is to be compared with NEURALINE. This specific may always be used with confidence, as it is an effectual curative of the severest attacks, whether stated, and relief is instantaneous. "The Neuraline relieved me from agonies." From C. G., 31, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road.

FROM ONE of many Testimonials the following extract, showing the wonderful excellence of NEURALINE as a cure for Nerve Pains, is confidently submitted to the reader. Miss H. has found Neuraline most successful for face-ache, and has recommended it to many of her friends."

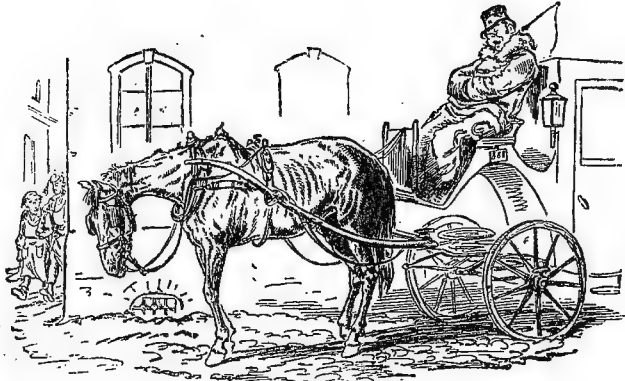
AVOIDING ALL EXAGGERATION, either of language or fact, NEURALINE may unquestionably be stated as the best, speediest, and most reliable curative for all Nerve Pains, however intense or of long standing. "Mrs. S. S. requests another flat bottle of Neuraline, same

INAPPROPRIATE



THE PRESENT

PATERFAMILIAS, reading a letter from his little daughter Ella, who is at school:
"Dear Father, enjoy the delightful present moment,



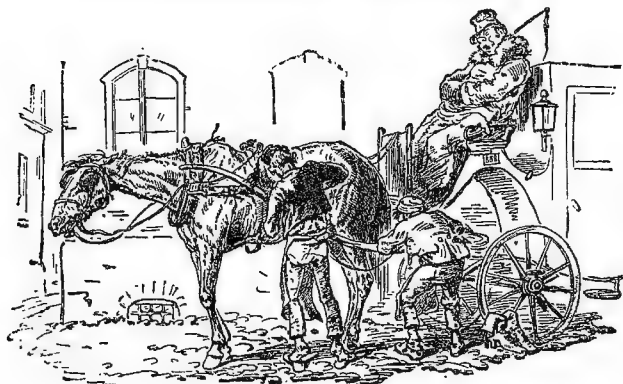
PEACEFUL SLUMBER

INAPPROPRIATE

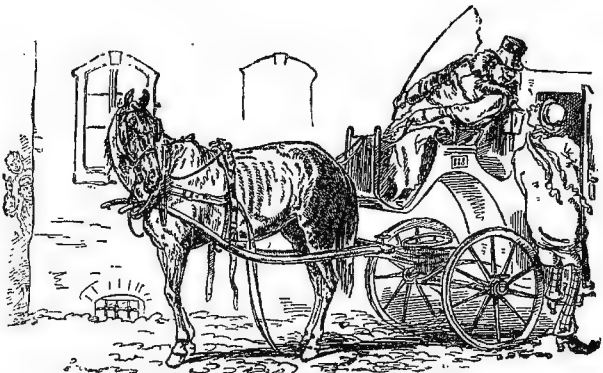


THE FUTURE

and be thankful for that which the future may bring. Thine, ELLA."



THE PLOT



THE INNOCENT FARE

THE "TRACES" OF A CONSPIRACY



THE CATASTROPHE



TOURIST.—"Have you change for this note?"



THE LATEST FASHION — A CRAVAT COSTUME

The dress should simply consist of a huge cravat. The superfluous drapery serves in case of need as a support.



TOURIST.—"Have you, sir, change for this note?"

CHANGE WANTED FOR A HUNDRED-MARK NOTE

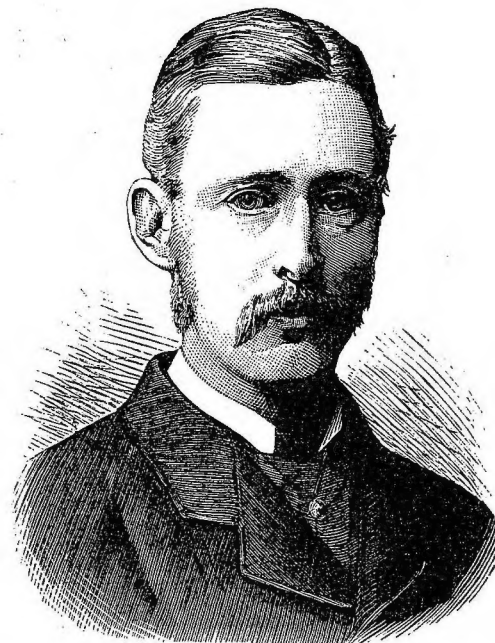
ART CARICATURE IN GERMANY



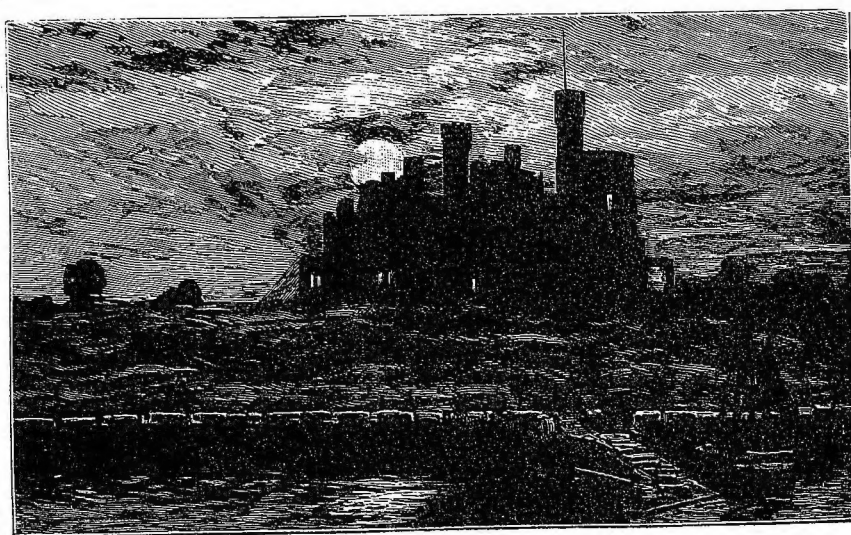
JOHN LINNELL, LANDSCAPE AND PORTRAIT PAINTER
Died Jan. 20, aged 89



MAJOR WILLIAM COURTNEY HARRISON, JACOB'S RIFLES
Died Jan. 12



THE HON. GUY CUTHBERT DAWNAY, M.P.
Newly Elected for the North Riding of Yorkshire



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE HEBRIDES—LEWS CASTLE



THE NEW "GEORGE A. CLARK," TOWN HALL, PAISLEY



LIFE IN EGYPT—AN ARAB LADY AND HER STEED, CAIRO



I.

LORD DUNSANY'S paper on "The Proposed Channel Tunnel" should take, even over Lord Sherbrooke's clever, spiteful "Clôture and the Tories," the place of honour in the *Nineteenth Century*. The arguments, though fully endorsed by the gallant admiral who gives them to the world, are really those of a great military authority, whose identity with Sir Garnet Wolseley is, we believe, an open secret. To Lord Dunsany, indeed, the sad conviction that England has not now, and is not likely to have, a fleet which can oppose a hostile coalition in the Channel, overshadows every other consideration. Even those, however, who do not share such fears will ponder seriously over the terrible risks which the completion of the tunnel will bring with it, unless the General is much deceived. A bold partisan leader, with a handful of men, may, he thinks, quite possibly achieve a surprise which would place the whole country in the hands of the invader. The tunnel, it may be said, would be destroyed before the invader could emerge from it. Soldiers and sailors, replies the writer, have seen too often how "the most carefully-contrived mine fails to explode and the galvanic battery or fuse to act," to place much confidence in such precautions. The risk, were it only the loss of our reputation for security, would be very serious; and what, after all, would be the *per contra* gain?—That Lord Sherbrooke should be urgent for the Clôture is only natural, but that he should seek to disarm his Conservative opponents by declaring that they in lowering the franchise were the cause of all the mischief, and are now bound in honour not to "rivet on to the House the odious obstruction of which they were the originators," is clearly more ingenious than convincing. Was it this lowering of the franchise which made possible the ugly rush of Irish irreconcilables?—The other articles are of narrower interest. M. Reinach's "Revision of the French Constitution" labours under the disadvantage of having been written when the Gambettists were still in expectation of a victory. But their chief has been beaten, and the country is not yet "in the saddest state," as M. Reinach clearly thought it would be. Neither M. Gambetta, however, nor his revision schemes have been finally disposed of, and this clear account of them by a staunch supporter possesses still considerable value.—Under the title of "Uselessness of Vivisection," Mrs. Algernon Kingsford, M.D., gives some noteworthy illustrations of the mistakes to which hasty deductions from experiments on animals might give birth. Poisons which even in small doses would prove fatal to man are often innocuous when administered to brutes, or they will kill some species and do no injury at all to others. Even the value of such experiments to the surgeon is matter of great divergence of opinion. Thus, ligature of the arteries, quoted by Sir W. Paget, was not discovered by vivisection. It was only after its discovery that vivisection was employed to illustrate the method.

In the *Fortnightly*, under the somewhat cumbersome title of "Relations of Religion to Asiatic States," Sir Alfred Lyall gives some most curious illustrations of the policy adopted by the Imperial Government of China towards the three chief religions of the people, the creeds of Confucius and of Buddha and the vulgar spirit-worship of the lower orders. The rank and precedence of gods and deified men are regulated by Imperial decree, and registered in the *Pekin Gazette* as though dealing with mere mortal beings. The incarnate emanations of Buddha, the most sacred objects of the Tibetan creed, must wait for recognition as submissively as the good daughter whom the village neighbours deem worthy of an altar and a shrine. No new incarnation of a departed spirit can ever disturb the public peace. The priests themselves appear to think that the Imperial Court has power to regulate all things in heaven or on earth; for is not the Emperor himself the son of Heaven, and are not his ancestors among the gods? The only danger to the State arises when some new sect like the Tae-pings ignores this fact.—Mr. R. Niven devotes a capital article to the memory of the chivalrous "W. Lloyd Garrison," the foremost among American emancipationists, when the mere suspicion of sympathy for the slave meant, even in Massachusetts, risk to life and limb and universal unpopularity; and Dr. Yeo describes most excellently the favoured "Health Resorts of the Western Riviera"—Mentone, Bordighera, Nice, Allassio—which no amount of *mistral* and of dust, or darker terrors from imperfect drainage, seem able to deprive of their popularity.—Lord Coleridge and Dr. Carpenter battle stoutly with one another over the somewhat worn-out "Ethics of Vivisection"; while, for poetry, Mr. Myers gives us some graceful stanzas on "Mr. Watts's Pictures"; and Mr. Swinburne three most musical sonnets, whose music cannot quite conceal the fact that their spirit is rather political than poetical.

The *Cornhill*, besides the first part of a new serial by the author of "For Percival," and a bright little tale "Let Nobody Pass" (A Guardsman's Story), has more than one very readable essay.—An "Epilogue on Vivisection" contains very little new, though much that is well and kindly put—it is the Doctors' trilogy in the *Nineteenth Century* for December which has sprinkled these controversial articles over the February magazines and reviews—but "Senior Wranglers" comes most opportunely at a time when that famous distinction has been conferred for the last time, with reminiscences of the great men who achieved it in "the brave days of old" before the winning it meant the arduous training which has too often, we fear, checked subsequent development, as well as of others, no less eminent in after life, whose names, if not in Mathematical Triposes, are registered in other fields of Academic honour; and there is a good memoir, "A Modern Solitary," of the singular recluse whose "Obermann" is almost as much a revelation of himself as are the "Confessions" of Rousseau.

In *Temple Bar*, besides the perennial wealth of fiction, a capital paper upon "Three Great Dictionaries," Johnson's, M. Littré's, and that (to us) most important one of all, the New English Dictionary, now at length progressing towards the completion of letter A, under the careful editorship of Dr. Murray, "to whom at starting nearly two tons of materials were handed over;" and a memoir, no less good, of the Lady Anne Barnard, better known as "the authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray,'" will both be found more than usually pleasant reading.

In *Blackwood* the Cassandra wail of "Ireland's Fate—Britain's Warning," is much below the customary vigour of *Magda's* political article for the month. "Romance of Business" is, however, an entertaining paper on great financiers and speculators, from the old Jews and Lombards to the modern Vanderbilts and Rothschilds; and Helena Faucit Martin's "Juliet," Part II., a most artistic sketch of the conceptions of character which inspire a great actress, and of the passionate emotion which at Manchester in 1871 made one not usually "given to fainting" swoon at the finish of the exhausting fourth act.

Fraser for February is too much taken up with short biographies. "Dr. Sheridan" (Swift's friend), "John Dryden," "Robert Southey," and "William Ellis, the Educationist," are over measure for a number which is not an Encyclopædia. But Miss Betham-Edwards' new story opens well, and Mr. Brodric has some sensible remarks on the extravagance of "The Claim of Tenant Right for British Farmers." Parliamentary discipline, so *Fraser* holds, would be better maintained by the suspension of individual offenders than by any system of *clôture*.

In the *St. James's*, besides a fresh instalment of Mr. Francillon's clever serial, Mr. W. B. Paton describes very pleasantly a trip "To Trondhjem through Dalecarlia," the province which was the cradle of Swedish liberty, the home of Gustavus Vasa the deliverer; and Mr. H. V. Barnett contributes some admirable criticism of "The Work of the Late Mr. Street," whether studied in its more ambitious forms, in the new Law Courts, which he never lived to finish, and the completed Western towers of Bristol Cathedral; or in the smaller churches where his genius, like Wren's, is limitless in varied originality; for Street, "unlike Gilbert Scott, never copied either English or foreign styles; he caught the spirit only and transferred it to his own work, which is alive with individuality."

The two numbers of the *Little Folks* which have been published this year are two treasure stores of literature and art for the young. There are natural history stories, as "Toulou's First Trip to the Sea" and "How the Owls of the Pampas Treated their Friends," such droll legends as an "Egyptian Puss in Boots" and a "Persian Jack and the Beanstalk," all profusely illustrated with the quaintest and most humorous engravings. For grave moments there are "Our Sunday Afternoon" and "Prize Scripture Questions," while there are two serial tales, numerous occasional articles and picture prize puzzle competitions for juvenile readers, "Pictures Wanting Words," "Our Musical Page," the "Editor's Pocket-Book," full of interesting jottings, and—a new feature—"The *Little Folks* Humane Society," into which little readers who love animals—and what child does not—are warmly urged to enroll themselves by the editor—whose plea for kindness even to "lower animal life" and for the energetic combating of giants Ignorance and Thoughtlessness we most heartily endorse.



THE TURF.—News is very scarce in all departments of our sports and pastimes, and had it not been for the publication of the Acceptances for the principal spring handicaps on Wednesday last, our Turf paragraph might as well have been absent from this column. The acceptances in question are very satisfactory, in most instances far exceeding that proportion to the entries which is generally considered a compliment to the handicapper. The truth is that the unusually open weather which militated against large entries has had the very contrary effect on the acceptances, as owners and trainers knew pretty well some time ago whether it was worth while to enter certain animals for different events. For the Lincolnshire Handicap, out of 74 subscribers only 17 have declared forfeit, but some disappointment is felt at Iroquois, the top weight with 9st. 2lbs., being among the non-contents, while it somewhat puzzles one to understand why out of the four lowest weights (5st. 7lbs.), which included Shabrack, a good three-year-old performer towards the close of last season, only Croydon has accepted. City Arab too, largely entered for the spring events, also declines. However, in the City and Suburban, which only loses 14 forfeiters out of the 74 subscribers, Iroquois is left in with 9st., though the erratic Peter is the top weight with 9st. 4lbs. Foxhall, to the regret of all who looked forward to his meeting Iroquois in this race, is withdrawn, and so there is little chance of the two American champions meeting till one of the great Cup events later on. For this race, the handicapper set Foxhall to give Iroquois 7lbs., and, of course, opinions would have been divided as to whether he would have been able to accomplish this; but, at all events, as Bend Or won the race easily last year with 9st. 4lbs., it would seem that Foxhall was not put out of court with 3lbs. more. On the publication of the weights Scobell, with 8st. 2lbs., was pitched upon as first favourite, and backed at 100 to 7. The American Gerald accepts with 6st. 12lbs., the weight with which Speculum won as a three-year-old, but his compatriot, Sachem, with only 2lbs. less, declines. The Chester Cup also has a capital acceptance. The Grand National, too, can boast a very good acceptance, and none of the fancied ones seem absent from the list. The two "original" "picks," Thornfield and Seaman, still head the market list at 10 to 1. Empress remains in at 11st. 12lbs., but old Liberator is top weight with 12st. 7lbs. Cyrus (10st. 9lbs.) seems to be a strong "tip."—There has been no substantial change in the Derby betting since our last, but Little Sister continues in force.—The Two Thousand Guineas is almost a dead letter, but Nellie is quoted as backed at 7 to 1, while Marden remains very firm.—We have already noted that 10l. invested on each of Archer's and Wood's mounts last season would have brought a few hundreds into the pockets of their backers, but it seems it would have been otherwise with followers of that accomplished horseman, T. Cannon, as their losses would have amounted to 339l.—If all the once-clamorous farmers in certain districts say be true, "Malt Tax" is not an unhappy name for Captain Machell to have given the son of Hopbloom and False Hopes.

COURSING.—Little or nothing has transpired since our last in the coursing world, which is likely to affect the great Waterloo event, for which a large number of the nominators still seem unprepared to intimate what animals will run in their interests. Mr. Paterson, however, will be represented by Mary Morrison, and Mr. Deighton by Witchery, and against each 20 to 1 is about the market price. Mr. Alexander's nomination still heads the list at lessening prices, and Abe Halliday, his representative, is reported to be going on as well as can be wished.—A suggestion has been made by a gentleman for the organisation of a London Waterloo for Grand National Cup, to be contested for by 128 animals instead of the 64 animals engaged in the present "blue ribbon of the leash."

FOOTBALL.—In the Association Cup contest the match between the Blackburn Rovers and Darwen has long been looked forward to, the interest in it being heightened by the recent and somewhat acrimonious disputes between the two clubs in reference to past antagonism. The match was played at Blackburn on Saturday last. The home team were the favourites, and won by five goals to one. The following are now left in for the Cup; Blackburn Rovers, Wednesday Old Athletics, Old Foresters, Great Marlow, Upton Park, Sheffield Wednesday, and Old Etonians, the latter having secured a bye.—The Annual Association Match between North and South was played at the Oval, on Saturday last, in the presence of a goodly number of spectators. A very spirited and exciting game resulted in the victory of the South by 3 goals to 1.—At Oxford the University has beaten the Pilgrims in an Association game by 4 goals to nil.—Ireland and Wales have met for the first time in a Rugby game at Dublin, to the advantage of the Principality, the score being 2 goals and 2 tries to nothing.—In the Hospitals Challenge Cup Bartholomew's (famously "Barts") has made mincemeat of Middlesex, scoring 9 goals, 7 ties, and 13 touches down (or 115 points) to nil; but in the match with St. George's they have had to be content with making a drawn game of it.—The London Hospitals, from the beginning of the revival of Football, have been more or less strongly identified with the "Rugby" form of the game; but as we have always ranged ourselves on the true football or Association side as against the "carrying and wrestling" Rugby business, we are glad to record that "Barts" have played an Association game v. Brentwood, and won it by six goals to none.—It is a matter for

congratulation among lovers of football to find that the Lancashire clubs are taking strong steps to stop the introduction of "alien" players into important matches. It has become the custom among many Northern clubs, anxious to place victories on their records, to obtain the services of "foreigners," who are gradually becoming a class of "professional" footballists, distinguished neither for refinement of manners or language. Football is a sufficiently dangerous game already, without the employment of hired professionals, who, to maintain their credit and earn their wage, must necessarily feel bound to exhibit unnecessary energy.

AQUATICS.—Nothing new in this department. Oxford and Cambridge are hard at work in settling the crews for Putney; and Hanlan on the Thames, and Boyd on the Tees, hard at work, and both reported as doing well for their match.

CRICKET.—The score of the Shaw's English Eleven v. Eleven of Victoria has come to hand. On the first hand, the Victorians were 105 runs ahead, but such a good stand did the Englishmen make in their second innings that when the stumps were drawn on the second day they were 61 runs to the good, with three wickets to fall. At the end of the third day—the match having been arranged for three days—it was a drawn game, but much in favour of the Colonists. However, Shaw intimated that his men would not be afraid to go on the next morning, if only they could start at one o'clock by steamer, as arranged, for Adelaide. And so it was decided, and the "chivalry of cricket" on the part of the Shawites was rewarded by a victory of 18 runs.—By the way, it may be noted that in a recent local match in Australia, D. Wilkie, on behalf of the Bohemians, took all the Brighton wickets in one of the innings with his celebrated "slows," the last four batsmen falling in four successive balls, thus beating the so-called "hat trick."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Dr. Carver still holds his own, and must find grassing blue rocks a fairly remunerative profession in the "Old Country." In his last match, standing at 34 yards, he has beaten Mr. Gordon, standing at 24 yards, but using only one hand.

DONKEY RACING.—Among the various benevolent and philanthropic attempts to amuse and elevate "the people" during the "dry" season at the Lambeth Baths, donkey racing has been resorted to, and two "meetings" have been held, much to the edification of the spectators.



THE CHURCH AND EMIGRATION.—The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, acting on the suggestion contained in the Primate's recent letter, has published the first of a series of pamphlets intended to afford trustworthy information to intending emigrants. It is devoted to Canada. Other countries will be treated in subsequent publications.

THE CURATES' ALLIANCE, at a meeting held last week in the Vestry-room of Clerkenwell Parish Church, under the presidency of the Rev. R. H. Hadden, adopted a lengthy report presented from the Council, suggesting, by way of remedying the evils complained of, that in no case should the assistant curate be paid by the incumbent; and that, therefore, it was of primary importance that there should be created in each diocese a fund out of which the assistant clergy should be paid; that in all large and crowded parishes collegiate churches should be established, with provost and fellows, instead of the present staff of incumbents assisted by stipendiary curates; that houses partly furnished should be provided for the assistant parochial clergy, and that some means should be adopted to prevent arbitrary dismissal. A proposal to add to the report a paragraph declaring that "We cannot hope for any satisfactory security of tenure until the people have a distinct voice in the appointment and retention of their ministers; or, in other words, until a principle of local self-government is restored to the Church," was strongly opposed, as being likely to lead to Congregationalism, and was ultimately negated by a majority of two votes.

NEW CHURCHES FOR BRISTOL.—On Monday Dr. Ellicott presided over a meeting in the Guildhall, Bristol, at which the report of the Commissioners who have been making inquiries into the spiritual needs of the poorer districts of the city was read. It recommended the erection of six new churches and three mission chapels with endowments, at a cost of 47,000l., and an annual expenditure of 850l. It was determined to make an appeal to the citizens for these sums, and about 4,000l. was subscribed in the room, the Bishop, the High Sheriff, the Head Master of Clifton College, and Alderman Edwards giving 500l. each, a firm of corn merchants 1,000l., and the Archdeacon of Bristol 250l.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES AND THEOLOGICAL CHAIRS.—In reference to the announcement made by the Right Hon. Lyon Playfair, M.P., that an Executive Commission is about to be issued on the affairs of the Scottish Universities, and that certain public moneys are expected to be put in the hands of the Commission for purposes of University endowment, the Scottish Disestablishment Association have published a minute congratulating their countrymen on the prospect of attaining some part of long-promised legislation for Scotland. They, however, protest strongly against the extreme injustice that will be done if any part of the money to be expended is applied to the permanent endowment of the Divinity Halls of the Established Church, at a time when the Liberal party, encouraged by the emphatic pledges given by Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone, is about to demand religious liberty for Scotland. Copies of this minute have been sent to the Premier, Lord Hartington, Lord Rosebery, and all the Scotch M.P.'s; and the Association have appointed a Committee to watch over the matter.

THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.—We are reminded by a correspondent that Christ Church, Zanzibar, of which we gave two views in our last week's number, was not built out of the funds of the Mission, but by private contributions exclusively. It is, indeed, a memorial church, in loving remembrance of those good men and women who, from Bishop Mackenzie, have sacrificed their lives in the cause. The exterior of the church is now finished, but *Church Bells* of last month contained an appeal for a peal of bells, the cost of which, we trust, there will be no difficulty in raising.

THE SALVATION ARMY on Monday held a "General Council of War" at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. "General" Booth stated that they had now 266 stations, 585 paid officers, and an annual income of 57,000l. During last year nine million copies of the *War Cry* had been distributed, and 11,000l. had already been subscribed towards the 30,000l. which was wanted for the projected "Congress Hall" at Clapham.—It is stated that a Church of England branch of the "Army" is being organised, but it is thought to be very doubtful whether the clergy will have anything to do with it.—Several of the ringleaders of the mob who recently attacked a procession of Salvationists in the streets of Sheffield have been fined, and the man who is alleged to have struck "Lieutenant" Davison has been committed for trial. The Mayor stated that future offences of a like kind would be punished by imprisonment, without the option of a fine.

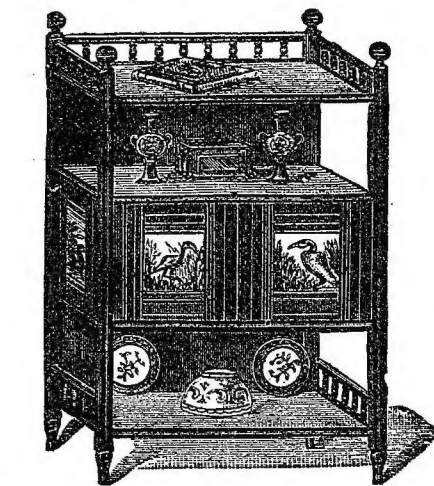
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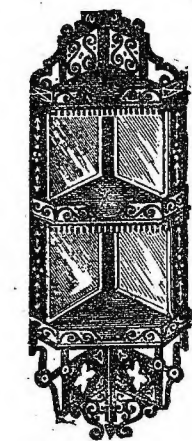
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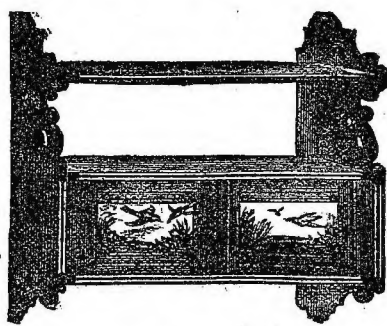
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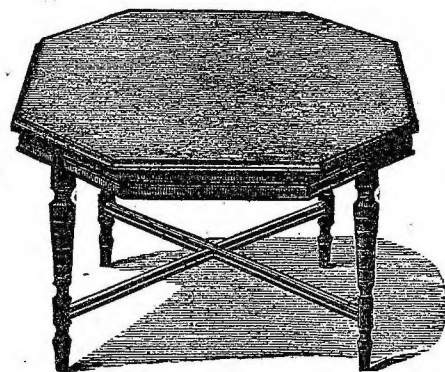
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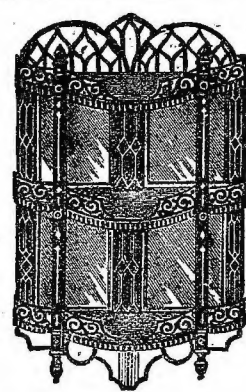
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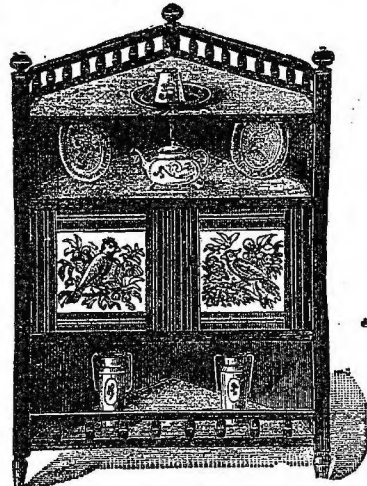
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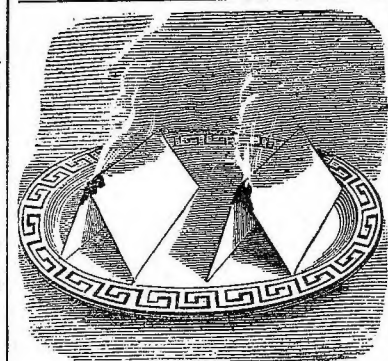
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